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LAYS OF 1855.

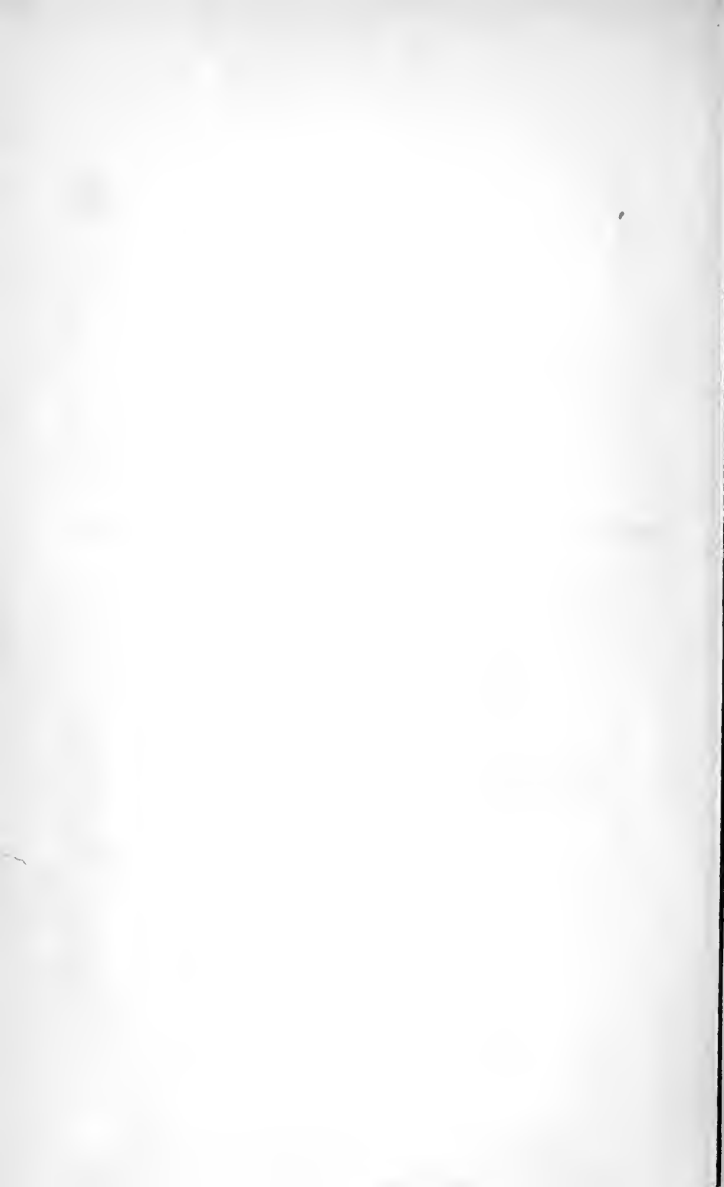


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OF THE FIRST-FRUITS OF THAT HARVEST
PRODUCED IN THEIR MINDS BY THOSE KINDLY INFLUENCES,

IS

DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHORS,

AS A SLIGHT YET FOND TOKEN
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PREFACE.

IN these times, when literature is so abundant, and new works are almost daily brought before the notice of the public, it might appear presumptuous to expect that a volume like the present would meet with a favourable reception. Yet the Authors hope some allowance will be made for their engaging in an undertaking, which, from its character, is certainly in accordance with the spirit of the age, when so many are submitting their thoughts to the criticisms of a world already over stocked with literary productions. Care has been taken to publish those poems which may afford the greatest diversity of subjects to the reader, and yet answer to the title of "Lays of 1855." A few have already appeared in the BRIGHTON COLLEGE MAGAZINE. But not to weary the reader at the outset with a long and tedious preface, we would merely add our warmest thanks to those who have so readily come forward to aid us in this our undertaking with their kind assistance, and, in conclusion, to send it forth in the words of the Latin poet,—

Parve, [nec invideo], sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.

Brighton, Jan. 1, 1856.



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LAYS OF 1855.

OPENING ADDRESS.

Lightly, lightly blow, ye Zephyrs,
Eddying o'er the placid deep,
Whirling mimic waves of crystal
In a sportive circle sweep,
Softly calling " Ocean, Ocean, wake from sleep."

Fly, O ship, to distant regions,
Roll a track of foam behind,
Away, away, nor fear the tempest,
Spread the canvass to the wind ;
Ent'ring in at many a harbour
Rest and safety may'st thou find.

PASSAGE OF THE OLD YEAR.



I.

Sing ye a requiem to the parting year,
Ye piping winds ; with wither'd leaves and sere
Bestrew my tomb ; ye clouds that sailing high
In forms fantastic deck the wintry sky,
Look for a moment down with pitying eye,
And o'er my ashes drop the kindly tear.
And all ye gloomy spirits that await,
Fast gathering round my form, the close of day,
On rapid wings to bear me far away
Unto the Past's irrevocable gate —
A moment stop, and hearken to my lay.

II.

I once was young and fresh as yonder boy
Who cometh on, replete with life and joy :
I once was young and fresh as he is now,
Care had not touched me with his iron plough,
Nor Time had left a stain upon my brow,
And even life appeared a pleasing toy.
Yes, I remember how the leafless trees
Were clothed with frost on that eventful night,
Which from the boughs like gems of purest white
Dropp'd down before the momentary breeze,
Woke by my swift descending car of light.

III.

'Twas silence deep, when at the lightning's pace
I urged my fiery coursers on their race.
Each mighty orb approaching nearer grew
Larger and larger yet, as I swept through ;
Whilst system after system swelled anew,
Countless throughout the dark abyss of space,
Then passed away to glittering points again
Left far behind ; and oft my chariot round,
A comet with its tresses all unbound,
More awful than the wildest hurricane,
Would flame along its course with whirring sound.

IV.

In number more than mortal tongue could say,
Gigantic globes pursued their solemn play,
In order and majestic harmony,
Farther than mind can grasp, or eye can see,
A vast a measureless infinity ;
'Midst whom I darted on my winding way
Dreading lest some huge world should overwhelm
My fragile bark beneath its plunging force,
Hurl'd forward from a great Almighty Source,
As when the careful pilot at the helm
'Mongst towering icebergs guides the vessel's course.

V.

At length Orion glimmered in the rear ;
And rose the Earth before me, round and clear,
Swelling and swelling as I drew more nigh,
Until it burst in grandeur through the sky,
Mountains and dales, and oceans rolling by,
And isles and continents in full career,
And all its bulk immense : whilst many a cloud
And eddying vapour foam'd across the scene,
With moonlit gaps expanding wide between
Where snow-capp'd ranges pierced the wat'ry shroud,
Or fertile valleys spread their bosoms green.

VI.

'Then starting forth with noise and clamour shrill
That all around diffus'd a noxious chill,
Four dusky sprites whose wings incessant strook
The frightened ether on my vision broke,
Like pillars dim they seemed of lurid smoke
On which the glow of fire is ling'ring still ;
The moon's calm rays to them no beauty gave,
But only more distinctly hideous made
Their hideous forms ; a black sepulchral shade
Was stretch'd below, and o'er their heads a wave
Of dark green flame in sickly lustre play'd.

VII.

Beside a hearse of ebony they sped
By spectre horses drawn, whose echoing tread
Rattled and rang along the vault of heaven
As when the sombre tempest-cloud is riven,
And headlong down the thunderbolt is driven,
Through wind, and hail, and water, blazing red.
Each bore a shadowy rider on his back ;
From out each mouth with many a twisted fold
Of smouldering mist in densest volumes rolled,
And pouring downwards marked the mournful track
Where passed, a pallid corpse, the Year grown old.

VIII.

Away, away, they bore him to his tomb,
A train yet gloomier than the midnight gloom ;
His glassy eyes were fix'd ; his head was bare,
Thick clots of gore defiled his silver'd hair
Thin scattered round his brow ; the frosty air
Blew stiff'ning o'er his cheeks devoid of bloom.
His hands were clench'd in agony of death ;
His gaping mouth, his withered limbs, and form
Livid and gash'd, still pouring lifeblood warm,
Declar'd how hard had been his parting breath,
How wildly fierce the last relentless storm.

IX.

Whilst I beheld, my heart within me fail'd,
My limbs and joints relax'd, my spirit quail'd,
My nerveless hands refus'd to hold the rein,
Back leapt the curdled blood through ev'ry vein ;
But, quick re-gathering strength, I rose again,
And thus the sad procession loudly hail'd,
“ Whom bring ye, sable Powers, along this road ?
“ Say, what your names ? and whither do ye go,
“ To homes above, or down to hell below ?
“ What spot created holds your dread abode,
“ The realms of pleasure, or the realms of woe ?”

X.

I spoke ; before the whisp'ring echoes died
The chargers paused ; the guardians ceased to glide,
In silence poising on their pinions vast,
Methought they spread and spread, until at last
A funeral shroud of rustling wings was cast
Athwart the moon and stars, outstretching wide,
A darkness, thick, appalling, tangible.
Then came a voice which through me seem'd to creep,
From ev'ry quarter rising, hoarse and deep,
Like crackling blasts which lofty cedars quell,
And hurl the shatter'd pine-trees o'er the steep :—

XI.

“ Hark ! if thou wilt our titles know ; we are
“ Confusion, Famine, Pestilence, and War,
“ Four brethren stern ; our dwelling place is earth,
“ Where Pestilence and Famine had their birth,
“ The youngest born, who send with wanton mirth
“ An armed host the joys of life to mar,
“ To crush the hearts of men beneath their feet ;
“ They laugh—when bitter pangs the body rend,
“ When sufferings stedfast resolution bend,
“ When from besieged cities, and the heat
“ Of stifling Lazar houses yells ascend.

XII.

“ But long ere kindling rays of light had warm’d
“ Primeval night, or Adam had been form’d
“ Sprang I and dire Confusion into life ;
“ What time the very seat of God was rife
“ With battle-din and spiritual strife,
“ When impious troops of rebel angels storm’d,
“ By Satan led, Jehovah’s starry throne ;
“ But soon expell’d from Heaven’s empyreal dome,
“ He fell to reeking seas of brimstone foam ;
“ We, toss’d in space year after year alone,
“ At length yon ruined planet made our home.

XIII.

“ There have we lived, there have we reigned supreme,
“ There have we plann’d full many a deep-laid scheme,
“ Beguiling monarchs with the treach’rous name,
“ And sound delusive of the Phantom Fame ;
“ Uprousing nations,—raising high the flame
“ Of slaughter’d victims ; whilst the transient gleam
“ Of fascinating Glory caught their eyes,
“ And charm’d their captive souls without release ;
“ Save when at times a fond, a strange caprice.
“ Amid the storms uprear’d its passing dyes,
“ The frenzied dream of madden’d spirits—Peace.

XIV.

“ Death bound himself in solemn league to slay
“ The blinded dupes our wiles had lur’d away,
“ And brought to aid us these assistants twain ;
“ Then had we raged resistless as the main,
“ Then had the world become a heap of slain,
“ But God the Judge would oft our wrath allay,
“ And turn to impotence our boasted might :
“ Yet how of late, our fetters broken, we
“ In threefold fury rose is known to thee,—
“ What whitening bones were seen on Alma’s height,—
“ What rotting corpses strew’d the Euxine sea.

XV.

“ Brothers, depart, your present journey o’er,
“ The frost-pil’d caves along the Arctic shore
“ Where hoary winter ever rules to seek,
“ For His decrees are strong, but ye are weak.
“ We now return on ev’ry tribe to wreak
“ Our wildest vengeance : streams of human gore
“ Shall bathe th’ unspotted chariot-wheels of Time,
“ And stain the new-born year ; from pole to pole
“ To blight the maiden’s hopes shall muskets roll,
“ A cloud of woe shall mar his opening prime,
“ The cannonade his dying knell shall toll.”

XVI.

Thus ceas'd the spirit's inly thrilling tone ;
A moment's space methought I stood alone,
Then quick aside the covering veil was dash'd,
In undulating waves the air was lash'd,
The folding wings like mighty thunders crash'd,
And all was still ; the moon serenely shone,
With joy I hailed each bright returning star,
Still moving on by one unalter'd law
Immutably decreed ; yet horrid awe
Came o'er me, as the distant speck afar
Of solid blackness less'ning fast I saw.

XVII.

But lo ! on either side arose a form,
Like pictur'd fiends that ride the snowy storm,
And shriek along the wind they urg'd their race
Before my eager steeds, and I could trace
Confusion stamped upon one ghastly face,
And on the other War, A sick'ning qualm
Thrill'd through me ; yet I mark'd a union strange
Betwixt the two, as though some thread was twin'd
Invisible, which seem'd their wills to bind,
And join'd their thoughts ; apart they could not range,
A wondrous double shape, a common mind.

XVIII.

With me they went—but come, thou boist'rous gale
To finish now the melancholy tale ;
How widely thy polluted arms unfurl'd
The battle-standards o'er a ravaged world ;
How whizzing high the deathful bombs were hurled,
How singing bullets patter'd thick as hail ;
How mothers watch'd th' expected vessel rise,
And trembling prayed the wished-for news to know,
And clung to doubt in fear of certain woe ;
How sisters upward rais'd their tearful eyes
To gain the rest they could not find below.

XIX.

Proclaim ! how oft by ceaseless labour spent
The noble brave to death unflinching went,
Their only light the red, destructive glare
Of bursting shells whose scatter'd fragments tare
The blood-stain'd turf, and fill'd the murky air
With dust, and fire, and limbs, and bodies rent :
Proclaim, proclaim ! how oft to swell the strife,
Cold breathing icy death from out the North,
The savage tempest howl'd resistless forth,
And chill'd the unprotected springs of life,
Jehovah's shaft to execute his wrath.

XX.

Go ye, who boast of war, go ye to wield
The soldier's sabre in the tented field ;
Go share his hardships ; view the scene around,
Mark well the headless trunk, the fresh-turned mound,
The charge, the groan, the agonizing wound,
The fever'd couch, the face by torture seal'd :
Then come, behold the desolated hearth,
The orphan's bitter cries, the widow's tears,
The blasted love of youth, the father's fears ;
Again return to mourn your heartless mirth,
And sue to God for Peace in future years.

XXI.

What heard ye not the doubling volleys peal ?
Are human breasts of adamant or steel ?
Th' Incarnate Lord of Love shed tears divine
For all the ills that threaten'd Jacob's line,
The fallen temple and the plunder'd shrine,
And felt the griefs His chosen race would feel.
Yet man for man no pity bears away ;
But when the breezes waft the martial dirge,
When troops of sufferers load the boiling surge
When weeds of sorrow throng the public way
He blindly glories in th' Almighty's scourge.

XXII.

Will ye not cease to blot creation's crown,
And trample man, her richest jewel, down ?
Will ye not cease to swell the mount of Sin,
To quench the holier thoughts which rise within
By fleeting dreams, and passion's useless din ?
Will ye not cease his heaven-born soul to drown
In tides of wordly thought, to bind the weight
Still firmer round his neck, and lower press
The mind that else would soar for happiness,
To deem to be a curse his highest state,
And count his greatest curse a state of bliss ?

XXIII.

Be wise,—but see, my last remaining hour
Has caught the sounds from yonder ivied tower,
As warning trumpeters the band of notes,
A slow, a sad procession past me floats,
Who marching utter with melodious throats
“ Farewell, Farewell ;” and, like a summer flower,
Hearing she fades and sinks her drooping head.
Hark ! Hark ! they steal along the blue concave,
Sure messengers of Age's ebbing wave,
“ Farewell,” they say, “ th' appointed days have fled,
And thou with us must journey to the grave.”

TIME.

Who art thou, swift, but noiseless in thy step ?
From year to year unchangeably the same,
Since first impelled by the Almighty's hand
This globe upon its annual journey rolled
Around the sun, with all its pond'rous mass
Of wide-spread continents, and stormy seas.
Were all the potentates of earth combin'd,
Their mighty armaments and countless hosts
Would not avail to make thee quicker move,
Or for an instant linger on thy course.
Who art thou solemn and mysterious power ?
Unheeded in the busy light of day,
With all its tumults and engrossing care ;
But in the tranquil night time, when each sound

Has died away in sleep, and no rude noise
Disturbs the calm solemnity of thought,
Methinks I see thee marching on thy way,
A robe of ages o'er thy shoulders thrown,
With many spoils of conquer'd states adorn'd ;
From ancient Egypt, and from Nineveh,
On whose grass-covered palaces and walls
The Arab shepherd feeds his bleating flock ;
From Cræsus' wealthy realm, from Babylon,
From polish'd Greece, and from voluptuous Rome ;
Grasping thy staff before whose magic touch
Proud cities crumble into dust, whose walls
Long bade defiance to the arms of man ;
And from victorious nations who had waved
Their conquering standards over half the world,
The dear-bought power escapes, their glory fades,
Again they sink to insignificance.
Say, mighty Conquerer of all, from whom
Did'st thou receive thy strength ? my finite mind
Is far too limited to probe thy depths,
Or penetrate thy solemn mysteries ;
From whence thine origin, or what thine end
Will be, if end thou hast : thy hoary hairs
Bespeak thine age, but still thou journeyest on
With even space and undiminish'd speed.

Mortal, when first the great Creator form'd
This wondrous world from nothing, forth I sprung
From the broad bosom of Eternity,
And stood in all the vigour of my youth
Before His throne ; within my hands he plac'd
This staff and sent me to controul the world,
And all His high commands to execute.
That beauteous order then existed not,
Which now pervades the earth, but still it hung
Suspended in the airy realms of space
A huge chaotic mass ; no verdure clothed
The mountains, and no barriers confin'd
The rolling waves of ocean, sea and land
Were intermixt ; no cheering rays of light
Dispers'd the dismal gloom which ever hung
Over the surface of the mighty deep.
No busy sounds of animation then
The solemn silence broke ; but all was still,
Save when at times by strange convulsion torn
The solid earth heav'd from her inmost depths,
Shook with appalling throes, and opening wide
From many a dark and gloomy chasm belch'd
Unwonted fires, and foul sulphureous smoke.
Pile upon pile were heap'd the lofty hills ;
And all the billows of the troubled sea
Bursting from their accustom'd channels swept
Across the land in fury unrestrain'd,
Grinding the rocks to powder with a roar

More hideous far than when from Etna's height,
Or from Vesuvius' fiery summit spout
The ruddy flames; and in a fearful stream
Wave upon wave the fiery lava pours,
Rolling resistless o'er the peaceful town,
The fruitful vineyards, and the fertile fields.
Whilst, shining through the murky air, is seen
The lightnings flash, along the quivering earth
A hollow and mysterious rumbling sounds.
Thus fled year after year, age after age,
Unnumber'd and unnotic'd; for no sun
Proclaim'd the fleeting seasons as they pass'd,
But soon that day, th' eventful day drew near
When all should alter, and Confusion's reign
Should terminate, and Chaos be no more.
Jehovah spake the word, and suddenly
There came a wondrous change, the light shone forth:
Retiring from the lands the surges foam'd
And chaf'd in vain against their rocky shores,
Impotent to resist his stern decree;
"Thus far, no further, shalt thou go, and here
"Shall thy proud waves be stay'd." The glorious sun
Began his rule by day; the kindly moon
And glittering stars relieved the gloom of night.
On all the barren rocks a pleasing robe
Of grass and flowers was spread; and woods arose
Fresh with their varied foliage, from whose boughs
The birds exulting in their new-born life

Warbled a full-toned melody of song :
Or eager to essay their powers of flight,
Flutter'd on joyous wing from tree to tree.
Fishes innumerable fill'd the sea,
Forth starting into life, the bulky whale,
The dolphin, and the swiftly darting shark.
Some dripping from the briny wave upsprang,
And on their scaly pinions cleft the air.
To heaven the hum of living creatures rose ;
The earth below, the firmament above,
Were still no longer, but from every side
The cheering sounds of animation broke,
And far away that fearful stillness fled
Which had for ages brooded o'er the deep.
Then last, but greatest, of his Maker's works
Came man, a creature lovely to behold,
Created in the image of his God ;
The reason and intelligence that beam'd
From his expressive eye, his form erect,
His mien commanding, and melodious voice
Proclaim'd him God's vicegerent here on earth.
Fearless he view'd the tiger in his lair ;
Or strok'd the princely lion's shaggy mane,
And heard the valley echo with his roar,
For conscious of no guilt he felt no fear.
Since then well nigh six thousand years are flown,
And all is alter'd ; from his first estate
By Satan's craft your great forefather fell :

His fall brought sickness, misery, and death
To all his guilty seed ; the very ground
Was cursèd for their sake ; and enmity,
And cruel appetite for blood, came down,
To vex the spirits both of man and beast.
How ruin'd now has he become, how chang'd
From that fair being who at first came forth
Spotless from his Creator's hands, when God
Beheld his work and saw that "it was good."
By stormy passions rack'd and torn, his soul
Inflames with bitter hate, and seeks to quench
Its anger in his fellow creature's blood.
Wreck of himself ! alas, how sad the thought
Of what he is, and what he might have been.
Through all those changes and vicissitudes,
And mighty revolutions which have oft
Shaken the world, I held my onward course
Alone unchanged ; and restless as it is
In every age controll'd the will of man—
Nations by long success presumptuous grown ;
Kings, who forgetful of their Sovereign Lord,
Boasted themselves as Gods, and deemed their name
And rule would last for ever, fell at length
Slowly but surely 'neath my powerful hand.
Where are those palaces and glittering halls,
Those mausoleums rich with many a gem,
Which, thinking to perpetuate their fame,
Your fathers built ? Where are the massive walls

Of Babylon, which once amazed the world ?
Where are the works which Grecian art produced ?
All, all are gone ! and with a heedless step
The traveller treads upon the ground where once
Illustrious cities in their grandeur stood ;
Ignorant that he stamps beneath his feet
Dust that was mingled of his parent's bones.
Nothing has ever yet, or ever will
Be raised by mortal labour to remain
Uninjured by the ravages of Time.
Yet think not my dominion lasts for aye ;
Dost thou not see the world is growing old ?
My hair is hoary, and I feel this robe
Press heavier on my shoulders year by year ;
Though 'till the final dissolution comes
My strength shall never fail. The nations shake ;
Princes are tott'ring on their thrones of State.
The day is coming, is approaching fast,
When at the trump of God the dead shall wake,
And " Time shall be no more," but shall be merged
In one vast Ocean of Eternity.

L. F.

THE EROAD,

OR

A DAY-DREAM,

IN

TERZA RIMA.

A POEM IN TWO CANTOS.

Τοῦ καλλινάου τ' ἀπὸ Κηφισοῦ ῥοας
Τὰν Κύπριν κλήζουσιν ἀφυσσαμέναν
χώρας καταπνεῦσαι μετρίας ἀνέμων
ἡδυπνόους αὔρας · ἀεὶ δ' ἐπὶ βαλλομέναν
χαίταισιν εὐώδη ῥοδέων πλόκον ἀνθέων
Τῇ σοφίᾳ παρέδρους πέμπειν ἔρωτας
παντοίας ἀρετᾶς ξυνέργους. Eur. Med. 835—845.

APOLOGUE TO THE READER.

[*In the form of Longfellow's "Gaspar Becerra."*]

Lonely sat the youth deep musing
On the various turns of thought,
Each its kindly aid refusing
Seem'd his anxious will to thwart.

Till by defeat dishearten'd, goaded,
Sleep his eyelids gently clasped,
And those thoughts that evil boded,
Substance in his vision grasped.

Then a spirit cried, "Arise,
And thine anger first revoke,
Form the thought that in thee lies,"
And the pseudo-poet woke,—

Woke, and from the metal glowing
Struck upon the anvil, Thought,
Shaped a poem onward growing,
Which he saw was empty, nought!

Yet it grew increasing longer,
Whilst the mind supplied it food,
Till the flames upstarting stronger
Burned, yet left no genial good.

Then give it, Reader, no refusal,
Strange and worthless tho' it seem
Deign to grant it some perusal,
As the subject of a Dream!

THE E R O A D.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION to the Poem—War must change to Peace, Malice to Love—Invocation of the Goddess' approval—The Maiden's dream—The curtain—The wood—The melody of birds and insects invite entrance—The fair one's bliss—Rencontre with Eros—Description of Eros and train—The Maiden's address—Love's answer and dismissal of her train—She relates her history—The first man—Eve—The first conquest—Love and Innocence—Their two-fold efforts in man—Refusal of ancient nations to court Eros—Her treatment in Rome, in Greece—First appearance among the Saxon race—The age of Chivalry—Growth of nations—England the chief abode of Eros in preference to other lands—Conclusion of her history—The Maiden's thanks—Repetition of her previous request—That request granted—Description of the powers of Love in man—Love's promised protection to the real lover—Abnegation of the existence, or assistance of the Roman Cupid—The false and true lover—The perjury of the former condemned, the good faith of the latter justified—Fulfilment of Eros' last compromise—Her song—The Maiden's emotion—The phantasmagoria—Recall of the attendants—Eros' last words and departure—Appearance of Innocence—Fulfilment of Vision.

CANTO I.

I sing of Love. I who have oft-times sung
Of martial deeds, of War, War's iron tongue,
When from its brazen cavities arise
The blasts of Discord's clarion to the skies,

Which deep vibrating, Heaven and earth now rend
 With fearful crash ; while with their thunders blend
 Battles with slaughter rife, fields steep'd in gore,
 The stern results, the accompaniments of War !—
 Such scenes ensanguin'd I would glad pass by,
 Tho' robed in all their dear-bought majesty,
 Bought with the lives of fallen heroes dead,
 Gone to their last long-home, their spirits fled,
 Still lingering to catch the martial shout
 Of squadrons charging on the closed phalanx,
 Or in their turn to see the flaming rout,
 The waving columns of both friends and foes
 That hand to hand discharging murd'rous blows
 Advance, recoil ; while 'midst their serried ranks,
 Each to the others death inciting, close,
 With daggers drawn stalk Hatred and Revenge.

* * * * *

Tis past, and gladly would I seek to change
 War strains for Peace, and sing in turn of Love ;
 Yet I but dare what men have dared before
 In ditties short, uncompromising small,
 Above such misnomers I fain would soar,
 And forth the powers of my muse to call ;
 Then may the Goddess list'ning me approve !

A maiden fair, may be of Dian's train,
 Or may be Vesta's, yet no matter here,
 [It happened lately in the closing year,]

Lov'd by a youth, and he no rustic swain,
Nor scented offshoot of high pedigree,
Still doubted this his passion, if sincere.
The leaves of Autumn were then falling fast,
When on a lucky day;—the time was eve,
And Phœbus long the zenith mid had past
Of Heaven's expansive vault; wearied with life,
Its busy hum, its world-engrossing strife,
The fair one for a time some short reprieve
Desired to gain, and to the sofa's ease
Withdrew according, in soft sleep to please
Each faculty; soon from the shackle free
Of envious thought, and from dull cares exempt,
She fell asleep, and launch'd upon the sea
Of Dreamy-land; 'twas thus entranced she dreamt:
“A curtain many-folded fell on earth,
The scene behind eclipsing from her sight,
England dividing; for in native worth,
In Albion's blissful realm she stood; and light
Fantastic circled her with many a hue
Of colours varied; still to her wond'ring ken
The herbage in the course of nature grew
Uninjur'd by this novel light; till then
Upward some force divine the curtain drew:—
Upstarting 'fore her vision were display'd
Mountains and vallies, hills and many a glen,
Blended harmonious; in the leafy glade
The streamlet wound its silvery course, anon

Reflecting back the rays of mid-day sun
In sheet of gold ; but brighter far was seen
Bespangled still all o'er with dewy sheen
A wood in verdant tissue gilded, wide
It stretched, covering a vast expanse of ground,
And placid lay a crystal lake beside.
The lily blossom with its petals white
Of Innocence an emblem, based on Might
Peer'd from the waves ; and from its tiny cell
The violet peep'd ; and wild flow'rs thickly strew'd
The grass bespeckled ; from his prickly shell
The tall Acanthus rear'd his helmet rude ;
Droop'd the Anemone in the lowly dell,
Upon the fern the moss-rose shed her blood.
From many a golden tree the joyous sound
Of birds gay plumaged filled the list'ning air,
The bullfinch warbled from the neighb'ring peak,
And casting furtive glances seem'd to eye
The tinselled lizard, bright with many a dye,
Darting his fork'd tongue as she glided by.
And shrill the cuckoo's notes and nightingale's
Re-echoed far and nigh thro' distant vales ;
Here the proud pheasant tower'd his gilded crest,
The peacock here display'd his painted vest,
Whilst all around the busy, tremulous hum
Of insects gorgeous seem'd to whisper, " Come !"
Nor did the maid refuse, but eager pass'd
The barrier ; first slowly, then in haste,

Fearing to lose a pageant so sublime,
The ground enchanted, 'midst the fragrant thyme
And flow'ring shrubs, the verdant path she trod.
Then turned she, quitting the soft velvet sod
The mazes of the wood to thread, when lo !
A vision wond'rous as the first did shew
Itself,—full in her path she sudden saw
A nymph, the Dryad of the place, before
Her stand, erect within a crystal car
Of stalactite, inwrought with purple spar,
And drawn by leopards twain, with garlands deck'd
Whose speed no reins, but mandates gentle check'd
The wheels of beryl were, swift shooting forth
In whirling circles flames, and fiery froth :
Around her path a bright effulgence shone,
Her train encycling with a radiant zone,
The ground empurpling deep ; attir'd she was
In flowing drapery of transparent gauze,
Fine woven from the webs of Merlin's loom
By fairy art, in texture how divine !
Of roseate tint ; a wreathen chaplet bound
With gold, entwin'd with eglantine
Her flowing hair adorn'd, and marble brow :
In hand a lyre she held, which notes did throw
Of harmony enraptur'd, wondrous sound !
And on her shoulders azure wings slow fann'd
In undulating motion the 'air trepann'd.
An elfish train form'd guard, to each of whom

Assign'd were robes of like ethereal hue,
Wings too they own'd, were arm'd the merry crew
With harps, and some with golden nets and darts,
By which they strike or capture human hearts.
Thus then they sudden met, [the hour was noon]
The Goddess and the maid ; 'twixt them eftsoon
Acquaintance ripened, words began to take
The place of silence ; by an hawthorn brake
With blossoms crown'd, girt by the budding wood,
While at their feet a silvery streamlet took
Its eddying course swift to the larger brook,
And thickly clust'ring on its silver beach
The woods depended in a silent reach,—
As 'neath a willow's shelter then they stood,
The dialogue succeeding here ensued ;—
The maiden who on love had pondered erst,
Foreswore stern silence, and according first
Her blithe companion in these words address :—

“ Impassion'd Goddess ! fabled Queen of youth,
Of sober'd and old age the pleasant guide,
Tho' jocund now, e'en in the sphere of truth,
Stern Goddess ! dare we not thy powers deride !
Who art thou then ? by what mysterious pow'r
Dost thou the heart of man for ever sway ?
What magic influence, that in one short hour,
It prone succumbs, and learns thy will to obey ?
What potent art ? that man in roughest form

Is moulded to a figure not his own,
That suddenly subdues the raging storm
Of anger, oft hurls reason from her throne?
What silent force the channels doth subvert
Of ev'ry passion into mercy's streams,
By softness and persuasion self begirt?
Till from his fiery eye there gently beams
An halo bright, that shone not there before,
And lips can scarce the needful utt'rance give
Of his heart's dictates, 'till he learn to'adore
Her whom he loves, to die, if not to live.
Again, what fairy charm encircles thee?
That youthful still with brow as radiant,
With step as light, and heart as pure and free,
As when before thy shrine a suppliant
The first man knelt; and tho' with care-worn Time
Thou hast for ages kept an even pace,
He agèd is with storms of many a clime,
Whilst thou art fresh and comely in thy dress,
Like fair Aurora shedding beams at morn,
Or Phœbus reddening ere the second dawn.
But Goddess, come, relate at my behest,
Thy first appearance, and thy last conquest."

Æ R O S.

"Fair mortal! thou dost wish in vain to'explore
Regions unknown to man's secluded view,
To penetrate our mysteries, and more,

To probe their depth, and scan their vastness too.

'Tis not permitted ! nor mayest thou indulge

In airy flights and self-wrought fantasies ;

These solemn mysteries may I not divulge,

By far too infinite for mortal eyes,

For links they form in the great chain of life

To shelter man from its invidious strife.

Yet will I tell, without surpassing bounds,

My life as traced on History's clear page,

Omitting nought that to the praise redounds

Of The Creator, His most just adage !

No parents own I, but from earth I sprang

Full robed Minerva-like, and silent stood

With all the virtues, that Creation sang,

Or man could count, before the seat of God.

Pure is mine origin, pure too mine aim,

Virtue herself mine herald is on earth,

Beauty my halo soft, Eros my name,

My panoply is Truth in sterling worth.

Now sisters twain have I, both gently sprung

Yet owning systems diverse ; from her seat

The younger wanders with her prattling tongue,

Instilling into youth her doctrines sweet.

The love of child to parent, and the sense

That it is loved in turn from her begot

Hold not, tho' first, the chief preeminence,

A higher and a nobler knowing not :

For sweet it is to weave the silvery dreams
Of childhood's love into my garland fair,
A fragrance stronger than it ofttimes seems,
From anger free, unmock'd too by despair,
Sith harsh and angry tones are sorry gleams
Of language, that a mother's heart should wear.
But sweeter 'tis to watch the plant matur'd
Ripen beneath the genial rays of love,
Assume a stronger form, to fate inur'd,
No mere sophistry which the fancy wove.
Of this anon.—My elder sister lives,
Retir'd a-wearied with her labour lost,
Or crown'd, as with a restless world she strives
Affection's bark from wind or tempest tost
On waves of Fate to save, and views of Hope
The anchor firmly fix'd on Time's deep sands,
Till slack'ning inch by inch Life's measur'd rope
Slips cable length, and bursts its carnal bands.
The man of years can boast a temper'd mind
And to the circle can that love dispense,
Thus the philanthropist with vain mankind
Imparts his love unselfish, heaven-born sense!
But such narration space of time prevents
Thou understandest these ; but can'st not cun*
Mine own mysterious pow'r, that thro' its bars
Glow's luminous with radiance as the sun
Reflecting lustre on the feebler stars.

* *Cun*—to know, or learn perfectly, to understand.

Yet 'ere I now proceed, I would dismiss
 These my attendants, who may mar our bliss ;
 For 'tis not right that they my words should hear,
 To echo back in some unhallow'd ear.

[Turning to her attendants she sings.]

Elfin nimble, dwarfish sprites,
 Ye who are Love's satellites,
 Fleshless denizens of air,
 Quick, avaunt ! for none may dare
 To intrude my presence here,
 Fly, then ! and approach not near,
 I would fain be left alone,
 With this mortal, till I've done :
 Go, beware my mandates stern,
 Only think ye to return,
 When ye hear this triple note
 On the wafting breezes float ;
 Quickly fly to other scenes,
 Since no danger intervenes :
 Seek to gain some victim fresh
 By the arrow, or the mesh,
 Yet in manner by me taught
 With germ of innocence unwrought :
 Then away, in pastimes gay
 Flit across the sky,
 Ever free and merrily,
 Hie, away, Hie !

[Escort attendants.]

" But do thou fair one on this mossy bank
 Compose thyself ; for here no herbage rank
 Poisons the spot, but all is cheerful, fair,
 Flow'rets innoxious scent the balmy air,

With fragrance undiminish'd ; Nature smiles
To think how woman frail with Love beguiles
In childish innocence the waning hour ;
Then 'neath the shelter of this peaceful bow'r,
As for a time my sweet lyre I refuse,
List to my hist'ry, and attend, O Muse !
With voice how beautiful, and in different strain,
The Goddess thus commenced her tale again :—

“ When man first trod this earth on Eden's soil,
A lonely monarch in his wide domain,
No sorrow knew he, and of basest toil
Unconscious, used he far and wide to reign ;
Fearless he wandered thro' the forest gloom ;
From guilt exempt he knew not what was Fear,
Nor shrank he from the blast of the Simoom,
One thought was uppermost,—that God was near ;
Till by the wisdom of that potent God,
An helpmate meet from man's own element
Created was, with talents rare endow'd,
And arts alluring, yet full competent
To cope with man's superior intellect,
Whilst ev'ry grace and beauty rare combin'd
Her outward form adorned ; still was she subject
To him and to the dictates of his mind.
Such then is woman, man's fair guerdon here,
Than aught more precious, and to him more dear.

'Twas then with Innocence our blithesome way
We wended to that spot of Faery-land,
'Mid perfumed flow'rs and shrubs the road it lay,
Gifts thickly shower'd by a Gen'rous Hand.
At length we reach'd that home of dear delights,
Would we had spent there our remaining days!
But sin hurled man from off the dizzied heights,
That vaunting pride had set up 'fore his gaze.
Ah! little thought they, when they saw that tree,
How crush'd their hopes, and what their end would be!
'Twas then, with breath intact, I wandered o'er
That scene of bliss and pleasure unrestrain'd,
With them unseen I cull'd the flow'rets, for
The face of Nature had no curses stain'd.
Soon in their hearts a deeper chord I struck,
Than that which hitherto had fill'd their breasts,
A deeper form their keen emotions took,
A form as holy from its hallow'd tests,
As that is false which has in latter years
So oft defiled the track of Time with tears,
The false emotion of an hidden fire,
Deceptive to the sense, a thorny briar.
Thus then they loved, and might have lov'd in ruth,*
The happy bridegroom, and the happier bride,
Had they not wander'd from the path of Truth,
And Virtue first rejected for their guide.
Then came the Fall ;—and from that moment fled

* *Ruth*—tenderness.

I, slighted Love, and bashful Innocence,
No longer one, our friendship being dead
Singly we work, and tho' I take the lead
In waking new affections, she cements
Their future union, tends their present growth.
I follow first, howe'er attendant near
My sister comes; tho' single we, yet both
Together issued on this world's wide sphere,
Man's gallèd spirit and his sick'ning heart
To mollify, his sorrowing mind to cheer,
Or to suffuse some glow of magic art
On blasted hopes; 'twas vain! for he repelled
My simple comrade, and too me he spurned,
Tampered with Love, but ah! the spirit quell'd
The fault of insincerity he learned.
For ages then I chiefly kept aloof
From base mankind, and from barbarian hosts,
They termed me Asterin, a frivolous ouphe,*
A being gossamer, who reviewed their coasts;
Till in the stately courts of Ancient Rome,
A glad asylum with a nation brave,
In ev'ry manly heart a welcome home
I ever found, such there this day I have.
By many a bard my praises echoed were,
And votaries were offered at my shrine
Most costly, and upon mine altars fair

* *Ouphe*—an elfin, fairy-sprite.

Were pour'd libations of the richest wine :

Thus cherish'd me Italia ; yet she seemed
Dull when compar'd with soft but fiery Greece,
There while I lived I ever was esteemed,
Yet learnt I there my habits of caprice ;
Still did he worship me th' impassion'd Greek,
And gorgeous fanes erected to my name ;
Each bard in glowing ardour sprang to seek
Glory in praising my unbounded fame

Upon the harp ; the walls of mansions rung
With songs they dedicated to my praise,
In many a midnight revel were they sung,
Till Hellas fell ;—my fate was forthwith flung
Upon the world ; was open'd a new phase
In my existence ; o'er the wide wide world,
With 'scutcheon pure, and banneret unfurl'd,
I sought to win due patrons to my cause,
Wander'd thro' countries diverse, near, remote,
'Midst nations govern'd by barbarian laws,
Who heeded not my clarion's silvery note :

Thro' Persia, Babylon, and Afric's land,
Where Ismael's sun-burnt sons cross sandy seas,
Where glow the painted looms of Samarcand,
And teems the main with laden argosies
Oft by Algerian pirates robb'd, their trade :
And rich Potosi, where the silver ore
The natives dig, I traversed ; where his shade

Huge Andes casts : from Delhi to Mysore :
'Midst fabled bands who watch Atlanta's wave ;
E'en 'neath the climate of the Frigid Zone
I dwelt, where fur-clad tribes in glaciers lave,
Whose hearts were like their countries,—cold as
From Egypt's Nile-bedewèd soil and wards [stone !
Where flamen priests to pray their votaries call,
And, roving eastward, where the Tartar hordes
From Obi's bank roam south to the Great Wall.
The Pole, the olive Spaniard knew me once,
And he who sips thy waves, O golden Rhine,
And he the live-long years who daily hunts
The grisly bear in groves of crested pine ;
And Greenlanders who, in their skin-form'd punts,
Behold the sun Heaven's pane incarnadine ;
'Midst Oriental nations, in whose halls
Of luxury the minions proudly sate,
Gazing on painted tiles and sculptured walls
Flung Virtue to the winds and storms of Fate :
By Arno's stream that by rich Florence rolls ;
In silken Asia for a time I dwelt,
And where the Moslem his bright Crescent holds,
And westward wander'd with the unshorn Celt.
'Midst these I lived ; of all I vainly tried
To curb their savage spirit and their pride ;
But they repulsed me. On the Saxon soil
Unheeded, disregarded, then I stood,
Barbarians were they, rife for selfish broil,

Who only cared to deal in fields of blood,
My arts disdain'd, while injur'd Innocence
Scarce kept her snow-white garments undefiled ;
And Virtue with her silent eloquence
Gave solemn warning of this nation wild.
Ah ! little thought I in this crisis dread,
With patience and with fortitude tho' nerv'd,
In Albion's land, in British bosoms bred,
What blissful happiness was me reserved.
But as Time fled, and nations polish'd grew,
Their minds did from the darkling sphere emerge
Of gross and blinded ignorance, 'till they knew
Affection's force to which my charms converge.
Follow'd an age of knightly dalliance,
Manhood in iron panoply full arm'd
Rode listless with his gage of stern defiance,
In quest of dangers that his mind but charmed.
The baron e'en forsook his proud demesne
And feudal fief exchang'd for deeds of might,
Issued, attended by a courtly train,
And fair one's benison who had him bedight ;
Full many a league he wandered, many a land,
Her beauty and his prowess to uphold,
Glorious he deem'd it, if with conquering hand
In tourney on the course his foe was rolled.
Each gallant youth a stalwart knight became,
And urged to deeds of gallantry and love,
Victor in fields of blood, 'till golden fame

Awarded gorgeous scarf, or lady's glove.
It was an age of Chivalry,—and school'd
To deeds of danger the proud Norman burned
With ardour irresistible, tho' oft fool'd
By whims capricious of his mistress spurn'd !
I loved those days ; an epoch form'd they sweet
In Albion's existence, whilst they lived ;
Again, alas ! no more the knightly feat
Of arms and Glory will be now revived ;
All, all are gone !—not now the knight exists,
Hush'd is the clash of brands and Warder's horn :
Where are the canopied and royal lists,
The pageant splendid on the tented lawn ?
Where are the tales of Beauty and Romance,
The streaming pennons and the broken lance ?
Where are the tourney, jousts, and gallantries,
The glitt'ring armour and the nodding plume ?
And where the gorgeous scarfleets, fierce emprise ?
Will Chivalry no more her lamp relume ?
Ah, no ! I saw the painted vision pass
In all its splendor, o'er the world away,
As dew drops glist'ning on the morning grass,
Dissolve in beams of sun-enlighten'd Day.
The rolling years still quickly came and hied,
And with them Wisdom, Culture, and anon
The arts of War and Peace ; kings reigned and died,
Great dynasties were crush'd, conflicts were won ;
Then fill'd with slaughter, shudder'd the whole earth

At man's most impious deeds, and chang'd his mind
To War's antipodes, that soon gave birth
To pleasures vicious, luxury refin'd.
This in its turn wore off :—sober'd at length
By stern decay before his sight reveal'd,
The Briton rested for a time in peace,
Till War reclaiming his long rented lease,
Inquiet then essay'd his rusted strength
On Alma's heights and Inkermann's red field.
For tho' the Gallic race those shores anent*
Inhabiting, to me due homage pay ;
Yet trivial, fickle, and inconstant they,
Now fav'ring me, and now on others bent.
But here a lasting rest I do enjoy ;
In England Old I find a welcome home,
No more do troublous scenes my peace annoy,
Abroad for ever have I ceased to roam :—
“ Here then brave Albion ! will I dwell for once
Honour'd by thee, respected by thy sons ! ”

Eros thus far, when quick the maiden spoke,
And thus the silence of the moment broke ;—
“ Oh ! let this nation's gratitude accrue
To thy fond name in tears of thankful dew,
Protect from sarcasms, and base calumnies
That do infringe this earth's moralities,

* *Anent*, a Scotticism—over against ; lying opposite to.

Blasting an honest fame, and yet me thinks
My noblest thanks must form but petty links
In gratitude's dear chain : ill they repay
The pleasant hour spent i' this spot to-day.
Still would I fain that pow'r mysterious learn
By which men's bosoms kindle first, then burn
With magic glow unknown to them before,
As not initiate in thy deep-based lore ;
This tell me, and thy conquest ultimate,
Which thou did'st promise kindly to relate,
So shall earth's highest blessings thee attend,
And Heaven my thoughts else obsolete befriend !"

CANTO II.

War and Love are strange compeers,
War sheds blood, and Love sheds tears,
War has swords, and Love has darts,
War breaks heads, and Love breaks hearts.—

Thus she, and quick the Goddess nymph replied,
With acquiescent look, yet conscious pride,—
“ When youth is fresh, deceitful thoughts that lurk
 Within, I put to flight, in lieu, Faith, Hope,
 And Charity engraft, which three do work
Most ably, in their destin’d horoscope.
 ’Tis then my strength is needed to support
 The half-form’d fabric with a giant force,
With language soft, with soul expansive fraught,
 Streams welling from affection’s truest source :—
 Next must this plant be nurtur’d, not in vain,
 So from the stem there forthwith germinate
The varied blossoms, steps to our great fane,
 Ascending each he climbs with hope elate.

To wild Emotion's thrill, term'd "Love at sight,"
Untemper'd and unprov'd, the primary sense,
Succeeds a bashfulness, from which aright
Springs Courage, thence engend'ring confidence,
[For falt'ring accents do but ill express
The heart's best language, or its happiness.]
Words, motions of the lips, th' impatient glance,
The feelings of the heart too well bespeak ;
Soon whirling in the mazes of the dance,
He feels her warm breath fan his heated cheek,
Or while conversing i' the open air,
Or 'neath the shelter of some peaceful grove,
A mutual understanding rises clear,
Free, unrestrain'd, heart does to heart respond,
Affection to itself ; the mask I donn'd
Of careless apathy is cast aside,
And in the moment of triumphant pride
I view him reach the last stage,—perfect Love !
But nations have ascribed to me beyond,
A vain assistant, to my arts unknown ;
Thus did the Romans boast a Cupid strange,
A beardless boy, and whom they called my son,
A god fictitious, who not e'en held range
Upon his own, much less on human hearts !
Him mock'd the Greeks, but me they Cypris hight,*
On him bestow'd they bows and flaming darts,
His prey to strike, faint emblems of a Might,

* *Hight*,—called, termed.

O'er which I ever hold a sway supreme,
While like the shadow of some passing dream
Departs his glory in oblivion's gleam.
Now lovers twain there are, the true, the false,
The one steps into th' atmosphere serene
Of Purity; the other shameless halts
Within the barrier and delusive sheen
Of Hollow-heartedness; the latter see!
In glowing colours of his guilt pourtray'd,
[The formers progress I have erst display'd.]
Then tremble maiden! as ye list, and flee
Such scenes, that cannot but the heart degrade.
Like as the eagle views his prey below
Perch'd on the rocky apex, fires his eye,
And leaps his heart, fill'd with a fiendish glow
Insatiate, until his victims die
Beneath his grasp; and as in reddening flow
Trickles the blood, they gasp their parting sigh.
Still as the glitt'ring snake of India's shores
He fascinates his victim, soon decoyed
By fair appearances, till she ignores
The thought—his passion is of truth devoid.
United they perchance a time in peace
Unconscious live each of the other's thoughts,
But in a quarrel their affections cease,
At variance they dwell in Discord's courts.
Call you this Love? 'tis folly this, 'tis sin,
A mockery of myself, and I abhor

Such perjur'd baseness, which the heart within
Wages a constant, undecaying war.
But I would have the real lover soar
Above this cramp'd ideal, unfetter'd o'er
This realm of dread delusion. I would have
Him live in love, as it began, most pure ;
Thus my assistance firm shall he ensure,
And shall hereafter carry to the grave
The mark of true esteem, the best reward
My lasting blessings can to man afford !
But mark the shades of eve are gathering fast,
Part of my tale remaining still untold ;
This hearing shall by thee be after class'd
As sampler of the mysteries I unfold ;
For from a vict'ry I had just hied back,
Encount'ring thee, if now thou dost desire
To gather somewhat from my latest track,
List to this ditty from my am'rous lyre."—
Changing her strain the Goddess then arose,
And swept the strings, that with the gentle blows
Sharp stricken echoed back in silvery twang
A cadence soft ; in ether floating rang
Her blended voice, as she responsive sang :—

1.

Lives there a maiden fair and gay,
No rustic offspring, by my fay,
A comelier lass she dwells not nigh,
Who dances e'er so merrily,

Or joins in feats of pleasant mirth,
 Tho' gifted with superior birth,
 Or from the harp strings sweeps a note,
 So rich, so mellow, and so mote,
 Or strikes so sweetly the guitar,
 I will be judge,—sole arbiter !
 As she whose beauty now I praise,
 Vying with the sun's bright rays,
 When in meridian splendor he
 Unveils his glorious majesty ;
 Then bear with me, in song divine,
 " The fairest maid of Albion's line."

2.

With love for her, I do aver,
 A youth's emotions now I stir,
 As calm within his conquer'd breast
 I reign to give his passion zest,
 Which free unbounded as the wind
 Is less capricious, more refined ;
 No offspring of a sudden thought,
 Of fire bereft, with fancy fraught,
 But love deep rooted, studied, tried,
 Dashing vain, impious thoughts aside,
 In vain essaying its pow'rs of flight,
 Still to results repulsive dight,*
 Knowing full well he loves indign
 " The fairest maid of Albion's line."

3.

With equal rank and modesty
 Endow'd, a silent amnesty
 With his affections holds the youth,
 As tho' he doubting were forsooth

* *Dight*—decked out, adorned, hence due.

The prospect dubious to his ken ;
Short-sighted oft 'tis thus with men,
When loving they retire abash'd,
As from their lips the cup were dash'd :
Courteous, and affable, and kind,
These graces, tho' but few, combin'd
Might save his other faults outweigh,
Possessing many a nobler trait
That from thy mind reflected shine,
" The fairest maid of Albion's line."

4.

Lone gazing on the distant ocean,
Full of love and deep devotion,
On thoughts intent he silent stands
Far on the shelving, sea-girt strands ;
Or wand'ring, solitary roaming,
At morn, at noon, and darksome gloaming,
And tho' th' aetherial vault he scans,
Its aid invoking for his plans,
Nought meets his sad, expectant eye,
But dim, delusive vacancy ;
Still in his breast doth hope revive,
It bids him triumph, bids him live,
Live, to learn the joys of love,
Live, a joyous life to prove,
Say ! can'st thou not my thoughts divine ?
" The fairest maid of Albion's line."

5.

The sequel learn ; that maid art *thou*,
Belov'd of one, of whom, I trow,
It might be said he never swerved
From Love's sweet path, but has reserved

That guileless love for thee alone,
 That hath in purity outshone
 Man's usual selfish element,
 Still in relief has found no vent ;
 For thou hast seen him once, nay twice,
 With him conversed, who scorns caprice ;
 Reject not, maiden, then, his suit,
 Him spurn not, fair one, art thou mute
 To my appeal ? O think again !
 And let me waken some fresh strain
 In feelings dormant thine, avault !
 Ye adverse thoughts ! that vainly haunt
 Her yielding breast ; in sweet refrain
 Hark ! in response the Muses nine
 Strike their lyres, and tresses twine,—
 “ The fairest maid of Albion's line.”

6.

This item lastly learn ; its truth record,
 Deep in the tablets of thy mem'ry stor'd ;
 A moral 'tis, and one of high import,
 With whose intensity man dares not sport ;—

“ A sense there is in every human heart,
 Reflection radiant of a world above,
 Earth's sweetest boon,—the sparkling ripples smooth,
 The silvery foam dash'd from Life's rivulet pure,
 The holy oil that feeds the flame of youth,
 The incense precious glowing in the ewer,
 The human soul,—and more, the potent cord
 That binds Creation to its Sovereign Lord,
 Centre to which the passions all incline,
 Whence perfumes rich, with blessings rare, entwine
 The orange leaves that shade with gentle press
 The flowing cup of human happiness,

A feeling lasting, yet unask'd, unsought,
 A language of itself, but free, unbought,
 By heathen ancients term'd, "Fair Cupid's Art,"
 But modern Christians rightly call it,—“ LOVE. ”

Fair Eros ceas'd, and echo plaintive rang
 In sweet accordance to the words she sang ;
 And as the last fell faintly on the breeze,
 'Twas gently whisper'd 'midst the rustling trees,
 And then back wafted on the list'ning ear
 It sounded like the leaves of autumn sere ;
 It found an echo in that maiden's heart,
 Unfelt before, when felt, how wondrous sweet !

A fairy chord from skill'd Harmonia's chart,
 That oft the ravish'd hours seem to cheat.
 This was not all ;—“ Would'st thou desire,” she cried,
 “ That youth to see ? ” “ Ah ! yes ! ” the maid replied ;
 E'en as she spoke, in film of light descried
 A phantom picture swift before her glide :—

A princely room deck'd to the rich degrees,
 Furnish'd by art and well condition'd ease
 In this our age ; curtains of Tyrian dyes
 Conceal'd beneath their azure canopies
 White marbled walls, emboss'd by Phidias' art ;
 While silken fabrics fresh from th' Indian mart
 Fell o'er dark ebon equipage, inlaid
 In its interstices with ivory chaste,
 Not by the dext'rous Indian compost-made.

But natural ; while was in the centre placed
A couch, deep crimson hued, all glitt'ring o'er
With diamonds pure and gold from Afric's shore ;
On it she viewed herself recumbent lie

Asleep, and near her stand the selfsame youth
So oft desired, she felt that loving eye
Upon her fix'd ; approached he, slow, forsooth
And on her snow-white bosom placed a rose,
That seemed its fragrance sweet to gain or lose
At every turn of thought ; a soft tear fell,
Settling within the central ruby cell,
And like a myriad pearl-drops glist'ning rare,
Full loath to be disturb'd, still linger'd there.
Yet did she waver, till in stooping low,
One fond salute impress'd upon her brow :—
The mirage fled ;—mingling with mist of eve,
No trace, no pleasing record did it leave
Of its existence ;—conquer'd was she now !
Bending her head she wept ; Eros at last
Had touched her heart, once proud ; tears gently chased,
Coursing each other her fair cheeks adown,
Free, unrestrain'd, for feelings long time pent
Her breast within, now found a ceaseless vent
In weeping joy ; that manly form was known,
His passion kenn'd, and in her turn she loved :
Yet scarcely knew the cause—though felt approved,
And likewise thro' her passive form a thrill
Of deep emotion passed,—then all was still !

She raised her head, and met the Goddess' glance
Directed on her in her dreamy trance :
That look, that smile, and more that silvery voice,
She seemed to tread the streets of Paradise ;
But eve was shrouding fast each hill and plain
In sombre glow, hush'd were the whisp'ring trees,
When Love in haste recall'd her errant train,
In fairy notes quick wafted by the breeze :

[Turning to the winds she sings.

Elfins nimble, dwarfish sprites,
Ye who are Love's satellites,
Cease your amblings o'er the earth,
Cease your pleasure, cease your mirth,
Come, return to me at once,
And be ready i' the nonce.
While I on Parnassus sitting,
Hither thro' the ether flitting,
Come, then, Elfins, quickly, all !
Ready to obey my call ;
Ye who roam in sunny lands,
Where doth roll his golden sands
Pactolus of yellow hue,
Afric's deserts known to you,
Or who traverse in your haste
The barren steppes of Russia's wasto,
Or who Greenland's desert wold,
Land of ice, of glaciers cold,
Where, engirt with lasting snow,
Dwells the fur-clad Esquimaux :
Hie, then, ye mine elfish minions,
Swiftly born on airy pinions,

Hither on your journey back,
Traverse Ocean's briny track ;
Then away ! ye may not stay,
Flit across the sky,
Ever free, now merrily,
Hie, hither, hie !

Thus she : and sharply did the trichord note,
The promis'd signal thro' the air vibrate,
Quick to her bidding flew from scenes remote
Her wing'd attendants, fresh commands to' await ;
Yet 'ere the Goddess to her chariot sprang,
These last words faint, but clear, from her lips rang,
For mutter'd were they by the silent grove ;—
“ Mortal, beware ! when next it may behove
To give thy judgment, tamper not with Love ! ”
She spake and on her lips the last seal placed,
Then vanished upwards in night's darksome waste ;—
When lo ! close in her wake a car behold !
By cygnets drawn, built of pure-beaten gold,
That seemed the gentle moon to rival far
Of lustre robb'd, of radiance, too, each star.
Within, there stood in aerial eminence
A female form, in vestments snow-white drest,
Encircled her an halo bright and chaste :
The fair one gazed enraptur'd, then aloud
She cried, “ Whom prithee doth yon light enshroud ? ”
A trumpet answered in a cadence proud,

With silvery strain caught by the woodland glens,
Each hill, each valley, to the sound attends,
While distant mountains echoed, "Innocence!"—

The maid awoke ; it had been but a dream,
A selfish dream, and yet no vain ideal,
Delusive, false, or one that leaves no gleam
Of truth behind ; but true, substantial, real ;—
For lo ! there bloom'd upon her heaving breast
A blushing rose, the lover's simple test ;
A dewdrop glisten'd in its petals pure,
Of Love an emblem, sweet, untainted, sure,
And, as up-turn'd it watched her quiv'ring face,
It seem'd to urge its utter helplessness ;
She heeded not ;—on one was fixed her eye
Unconscious in its listless vacancy ;
The living image of that picture dim,
Yes, there he stood, in perfect manliness,
Full robed ; while grace untutor'd circled him
Still tim'rous to approach ; until at length
Gaining with each deep impulse fresher strength,
That doth the worth of passion but enhance,
He stooped,—but touched her lips,—she met his glance,—
With rapture eloquent her form was thrilled ;
One word, the last response still hung in air,
Trembling to catch his inmost thoughts laid bare,
Tho' acquiescent yet it lingered there,
Until she spoke,—the Vision was Fulfilled.

A SUMMER'S EVENING STROLL.



When day with all it's cares and toils is past,
And from the Eastern heaven hastens down
Night's silent footstep, Oh ! how sweet to climb
The solitary steep, to leave behind
The busy street, and from the works of man
Turn to the far more beauteous works of God.
That glaring sun which on the crowded town
Pour'd down it's rays is gone ; solemn, and soft,
Refreshing to our wearied eyes creeps on
By slow degrees the twilight ; in the west
Still hangs a yellow tinge, and you may trace
The purple outline of the distant hills
Sharp yet distinct against the glowing sky.
Borne by the fickle breezes float the clouds,
Their fleecy forms suspended in mid air,
Some pil'd like snowy mountains, some like wool,
Some stretch'd as slender threads athwart the sky ;
With various colours intermingling oft,
Dark crimson, glittering gold, more pure, more rich,

Than earthly artist's brush could e'er depict :
For they were painted by th' Almighty's hand,
And can man equal that which God hath wrought,
The creature rival his Creator's skill. [bark,

All sounds are hush'd ; save when the housedog's
Or that low murmuring hum which from the town
Arises oft, warns me that men are nigh,
Still toiling after Wealth who aye eludes
Their wistful grasp, and draws them further on,
In vain pursuit through dark and slippery paths,
Towards th' enchanted spot where towers supreme
Her temple, guarded by a fatal spell,—
Forgetfulness of aught but present good.
Anon the tinkling of the sheep bell rings
Across the grassy down, and with the touch
Sad yet most pleasing, suddenly awake
The slumb'ring chords of Memory ; thought on thought,
Remembrances of days long since gone by,
From every cranny of my bosom gush,
From dark recesses, and deep hidden cells,
Where all unheeded they have lain for years.
O Memory ! most inestimable gift
Bestow'd by Heaven on us, surpassing far
The painter's or the statuary's art.
They can indeed recall the outward form,
And much-lov'd features of departed ones ;
Thou can'st preserve their mind, by thee we seem

Once more to live and talk with those who now
Lie in the silent tomb—oh no, not there,
That were indeed a fearful, maddening thought ;
They rest not in the grave, but far above
This perishable world they soar'd on high,
Hastening to reach that glorious company,
Who ever with unwearied lips and tongues
Before the throne of God adore the Lamb
That lov'd and wash'd them in His precious blood.
From thence, perchance, they view our stormy course
With holy sympathy and perfect love,
Which now unclogged by human weakness burns
In brighter, clearer flame, than e'er it could
Whilst in the midst of sin on earth below.

But now the last faint glow has died away ;
Noiselessly one by one the stars come forth,
And overspread the vault with twinkling points
Innumerable, like spirits looking down
With their pure gentle eyes on restless man,
To soothe him as he toils along his way.
And on the rippled sea the moon has mark'd
Her path of liquid silver, such methinks
As holy angels tread on when they come
On messages of love and mercy sent,
Unto the ransomed ones who trust in God.
And hark ! the striking of the distant clock
Falls slowly on mine ear with warning sound,

Telling me that the precious hour is past,
And I must leave this quiet spot, once more
To plunge into the busy scenes of life,
And seek the combat which can never end,
'Till Death shall strip us of mortality ;
Shall open throw the lofty door to peace
Eternal, full of glory, to the " rest
That yet remaineth " for the sons of God,
Those who are more than conquerors through their Lord,
Who evermore shall wear the palm, the crown,
Bought for them by His vict'ry o'er their foe,
When Satan trembling viewed the empty grave
That could not hold the Word Omnipotent.

L. F.

HOME.



“ Why do ye flow so fast my tears,
Whene’er the sound of home
Upon my ears so sweetly falls
As through the world I roam ?”

“ Why do ye flow so fast, my tears ?
Why do ye flow so fast ?
Why does that cherished word bring up
Such an image of the past ?”

“ There is nought permanent on earth,
And wood and stone decay,
The strongest towers, the thickest walls
At length must fall away.”

“ Then why adown my furrow’d cheeks,
Why do ye trickle so ?
For, “ thou must perish” is the law
Of every thing below.”

“Nay, nay, 'tis not for this I weep ;
But at that word forth start
Feelings for many a long year pent,
And chain'd within my heart.”

“I mourn not for my native scenes,
For the house where I had birth ;
For the silence of the spacious hall
That used to ring with mirth.”

“It is not that the rooms I lov'd
Are desolate and lone ;
That the garden where I play'd in youth
Is waste, and overthrown.”

“These still are in remembrance fresh
And to me are very dear,
Yet it is not for them I weep,
My home they never were.”

“It is the thought of those, whose life
Once animated all ;
Who often gather'd round our hearth
When the twilight 'gan to fall.”

“Their voices even now I hear,
As with sweet domestic talk,
We would lengthen out the sacred time
Between the light and dark.”

“ Or on a summer’s evening sit
In a circle on the grass,
And fondly wish that the happy hour
Would still more slowly pass.”

“ They were my home indeed ; in them,
Each shady walk, each tree,
Each favourite haunt, each glen is stamp’d
On my heart indelibly.”

“ But we were separated soon,
And one by one they died ;
And I of all alone am left,
As in a desert wide.”

“ I have no city in this world,
But my home has flown with them
To the glorious heaven, where now they live,
To the New Jerusalem.”

“ Flow on my tears, I murmur not,
Flow on in holy grief ;
For God allows that man should mourn,
And to sorrow gives relief.”

The old man sung : his hoary locks
Were blowing in the gale ;
The weight of years had bow’d his frame
And his face was thin and pale.

He ceased ; as from his wither'd lips
The last faint accents fell,
That light flash'd in his eye, which marks
A rapture none can tell.

He mutter'd " Home " and like one asleep
Calm on the turf he lay ;
For without a struggle, without a sigh
Had his spirit pass'd away.

L. F.

ODE TO A ROCKET.



Child of the earth ! arise, arise
 And through the night
 Swift piercing to the starry skies,
 A glow of light
 Shake down on us below from off thy pinions bright.

Child of the earth ! how fair thy way,
 As up thou fliest ;
 A clear, illuminating ray,
 Until thy highest
 Thou reachest, and in one wild blaze of beauty diest.

Unswerving dost thou upward bound,
 And hastenest straight,
 Spurning with active foot the ground,
 To seek the gate
 Of Heaven amid the orbs impell'd by force innate.

A single thread of ruddy fire,
 That seems to bind
 The realms to which thou dost aspire,
 With panting mind,
 To earth which far beneath thy spirit leaves behind,

Thy lustre knows not, nor thy strength
 A gradual wane,
But, spent by eagerness at length,
 Thou pour'st amain
Thy choicest blessings last like drops of fiery rain.

Blue spiritual globes ! oh stay,
 And yet unfold
Fresh glories, as your transient way
 Our eyes behold,
Till nought is left to view except your path of gold.

Look down, ye countless hosts, that sail
 In regions free
From storm, or cloud, or misty gale,
 And blush to see
A moment's space eclips'd your sparkling majesty.

See ! how amid the dark profound,
 Yon lovely beam,
It's head with radiant tresses crowned,
 Casts forth a stream
Of flaming locks more rich than monarchs might bescem.

Bedeck'd with rarer gems than e'er
 From India came,
Or from the ancient regions where,
 Unknown to fame,
On jewell'd altars burnt the Aztec's ceaseless flame.

'Tis fled ; the enchanting vision fled ;
Our wistful gaze
Meets threefold darkness overspread
Where late thy rays
Dispell'd the gath'ring shades upon their airy ways.

'Tis gone ; but still with fond regret
We scan the gloom,
To watch perchance if ling'ring yet
Around thy tomb
A last remaining spark escapes the general doom.

So when from out the throng upsprings
Some nobler soul,
And floods of brilliant radiance flings
Off wheels that roll
Above the astonish'd crowd in heedless uncontrol.

Amaz'd we view his rapid car
O'er all arise,
A glittering meteor soon afar,
He sweeps the skies,
And there with inward zeal worn out like thee he dies.

He dies ; and all again is dark,
Save where we find
Some scatter'd lights remain to mark
The ardent mind,
Which rushing onward left its tenement behind.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



Nought care I for Spring, on his childish wing
Let Nature's fair herbage appear,
Then with treach'rous blast, let her beauty be cast
By his frolics wind-toss'd thro' the year ;
An inconstant rogue, when earth is in vogue
Of flow'rets and foliage gay,
At her bounty he laughs, or sullenly chafes
With wrath, as he flits away !

Let Summer forsooth full of brightness and youth
Scatter flow'rs with lavish palm,
I love not his smiles, nor his charming Idyls,
On me they have lost all their charm.
For tho' I might love in freedom to rove
O'er mountain and woodland dell,
To sit by the brook, in some shady nook,
There are pleasures I love just as well !

To its Autumn goal, let the chariot roll
Of Phœbus with axles bright,
When the argent moon, with her kindest boon,
Illumines the harvest night.
Sits down Autumn wan, like a middle-aged man,
From business fatiguing released,
And, by his sad gear, the herbage doth sear,
Nor petulous can be appeased.

But hail with delight! the old man in white,
Old Christmas with all his sweets,
Tho' with icicles crown'd, and in hoar-frost bound,
Yet a welcome in each home he meets :
Let his praises be sung by old and by young,
Who much at his coming rejoice,
Who long from afar for his snow-girdled car,
And the tones of his gladsome voice ;
Then quaff the rich wassail, each freeman and vassal,
And as its dark wavelets ye pour,
Unfurl each bright banner, and may peaceful winds fan her,
" Les Trois Lions et le brave Tricolor !"

F. D. D.

CLOUD-LAND.



'Twas New Year's eve ; the dew-bespangled robe
Of twilight fast was dropping o'er the world,
And Nature, as an old man wearied out
With toil beyond his strength, sank slowly down,
Majestic to the last in calm repose.
Enwrap't in musing fit the shapes I viewed,
Which round the sun were gathering as he glow'd,
A pageant soon to flee, and shed on all
A mellowing glory. Everything was there,
Mountains with rugged summits tow'ring high,
And pierced with many a cavern ; wooded hills,
Fields, castles, villages, cathedral domes,
Church spires, and palaces, together thrown
In strange confusion. Even as I gazed,
And listen'd to the murmuring of the breeze
That stirr'd the wither'd leaves with gentle breath,
And soothing sound, a slumber fell on me.
Then by some power invisible upborne,
It seem'd that I was wafted far away ;

And soaring through the air, houses and woods,
Meadows and streams were blended into one,
Dwindling and dwindling till I reach'd the clouds,
And boldly plunging in their wat'ry depths
Earth vanished from my sight; when suddenly
Before my eyes appear'd a wondrous scene,
So exquisitely fair, that mortal pen,
Or words most eloquent could not express
One half the dazzling beauty that unveil'd
On every side; below me, and above
Lay sheets of rolling vapour, seas of foam,
In which each drop a perfect prism shone,
Adorn'd with rainbow tints; and waves of gold
With silver tipp'd upon each other rush'd
In beautiful disorder, ceaseless change,
Mingling and intermingling in their dyes.
Vast plains there were from whose expansive breasts
Rose like volcanoes piles of snowy white,
Their hollow summits burning with a fringe
Of flame, from which no dusky smoke came forth
To darken, or defile it's purity.
Whilst sparkling off from many a lofty arch
Fell radiant globes of light, and each a star,
A vivid meteor flash, a ball of fire,
A mimic comet trailing far behind
A ruddy wake to mark it's downward road.

Methought that all was thickly cover'd o'er

By countless myriads of aerial forms,
Diminutive in stature, and so light
That e'en the ether scarcely was impress'd
Beneath their joyous tread. No ornament
Borrow'd from man they wore, for garbs like theirs
No human-hand could weave, but Heaven herself
In her own hues adorn'd them, as the sun
Pour'd on their robes of mist his brightening beams.
Upon each neck a chain of crystal drops
Hung glittering, which in brilliancy surpass'd
Golgonda's boasted diamonds, and was deck'd
With richer colours than the pearl of Ind.
Thousands and thousands of their azure wings
Disturb'd the air, as quick in giddy rounds
They whirl'd or form'd the complicated dance,
And laugh'd and shouted in their merriment.
But oh ! that laughter, such a sound I ween
Was never heard before, 'twas like the noise
Of rain fast patt'ring on some woodland pool
In liquid harmony, or as a brook
Incessant gurgling down it's pebbly bed,
So clear, so musical, so sweetly pure,
It made my heart beat higher, and my soul
With such unutterable gladness filled,
That as entranced with thrilling ecstasy
I bent to listen, tears flow'd down my cheeks.
Some launching fleecy boats, away, away,
Scudded from cloud to cloud, borne swiftly on

By favourable winds ; now white as wool,
Now blushing crimson, and their sinuous course
Through channels, gulphs, and islets steered with skill,
Or when perchance a bold projecting point
Their shallops wreck'd, right actively would work
The little mariners, by dint of strength,
To free the barks once more, and then would dart
With loud redoubled cries of mirth to race
Their active comrades, straining ev'ry nerve,
And anxious to attain th' appointed goal,
For wreaths, or bracelets twin'd with lily flowers.
Some from the yielding element hew'd out
Temples, and obelisks, and pyramids,
Lab'ring with sportive toil, but soon again,
Long ere the towering structure was complete
Th' industrious architects, by idle whim,
In the mere wantoness of life and joy,
Dash'd them to pieces, only to rebuild.
But ever from the dim horizon flock'd
A host of their canoes, which troop on troop
To join the annual assembly came,
And full of weighty messages, the friends
Their comrades greeted, as they hurried by.

One cloud there was that slowly sail'd along
With stately motion, as a noble ship,
Which when each polish'd mast, and slender spar,
Are hid amidst the canvass stretch'd to catch

The first faint breezes, scarcely with her keel
Furrows the ocean starting on her track,
While smaller vessels plunging all around
Pass and repass her oft, in brisk career.
There on his throne I saw the fairy king,
Within a chamber whose empurpled vault
Excell'd the grotto of Antiparos.
Resplendent with it's hanging stalactites
And gorgeous roof, more than the orb of noon
Outshines all mortal fires. The crested dome,
Where matchless Nature had herself inwrought
The ruby's red, the sapphire's glancing blue,
The emerald's green, and scatter'd here and there
Festoons inimitable, pendant leaves,
And blossoms such as grow on heavenly soil,
More gloriously was graced than festive halls
Of royal palaces. The throne was form'd
Of one huge amethyst ; the pavement smooth
Was as the surface of a placid lake,
When pictur'd in its glassy breast is seen
The network of the overspreading boughs,
Each quiv'ring spray, and flutt'ring bird that hops
Across the slender sprigs ; e'en thus there seem'd
To be a dome above, a dome below,
An image so deceptive, that the troops
Of wingèd beings which circled him appear'd
To step on naught but air. The monarch bore
A pink enamell'd halo for a crown :

His hand sustain'd a sceptre, at whose beck
The swift attendants ever went and came,
Hast'ning to execute his lov'd commands
With willing minds. He needed not the aid
Of perishable jewels, for he had
Such beauty in himself, that by some charm
My eyes were fix'd in rapture, and I stood
Amaz'd, and with excess of pleasure mute,
Deep drinking in the feast of loveliness.
They danced, and revelled to the distant noise
Of flowing waters and of rushing winds,
Strange accents singing, which my spirit learn'd
In vain to understand, until mine ears
Receiv'd unwonted strength, and then I heard.

(FIRST FAIRY.)

The last gleams are flying,
The old year is dying,
And o'er him in sorrow the past Hours are crying;
With the shadows up-creeping
Comes the sound of their weeping,
The spirits are busy, we may not be sleeping.
By the tone of the wailing
I know he is failing,
His pulses beat feebler, his wan cheeks are paling,
And there is work to be done
When the day is gone,
Ere on earth has arisen to-morrow's sun.
We must wash his car
From the stains of war,
From the dust of battles in regions afar;

And go forth to meet
The new year so fleet,
Bestrewing his way with flow'rets sweet,
For he comes pure, and mild,
Like an innocent child,
Who deems as himself the whole world undefiled.
That done ; from our play
No longer we'll stay,
But leaving the earth we will fly far away ;
Our joyous path trace
Through the realms of space,
And dance on the moon's round, silvery face,
Then with trains of light,
As meteors bright,
Astonish the shepherds who watch the night,
Or sitting astride
On a sunbeam we'll ride,
And out to old Saturn, and dark Neptune glide.
We'll thread the ways
Of the Pleiades maze,
And bask in the Dog Star's scorching rays.
But as seen as the morn
Has begun to dawn,
And the hoarfrost is scatter'd on meadow and lawn,
In King Charles's wain
We'll return again
To keep guard over men, and to combat with Pain.
For our enemy
And foe-man, he
Will rejoice to gain a victory,
Should we yield to him
A conquest grim,
But a moment's space in the gleaming dim,

Ere the loosen'd rill
Is heard on the hill,
Or the greedy frost has drunk his fill,
And from pond and creek
Has return'd to seek
On the mountain top his dwelling bleak.

(*Chorus*). Dance, dance, around our king,
Merrily, merrily, in a ring,
For we always have striven, and ever will,
To work for good, and not for ill.

(ALL)

The little bear
With pole and snare
We will hunt and chase through the northern air ;
And by night-winds blown
Up the spacious Zone,
We will sit and rest in Cassiope's throne,
Or the quiver and bow
From the Hunter slow
Bear stealthily off to our homes below :
Whilst Lyra sings
With her mellow strings,
When struck by the blows of our rustling wings,
And the Twin Stars frown,
As we carry down
To the sea the gems of the Ancient Crown.

(*Chorus*). Dance, dance, around our king,
Merrily, merrily, in a ring,
For we always have striven, and ever will,
To work for good, and not for ill.

(SECOND FAIRY.)

As eve was approaching I espied a boy
Run to sport in the lanes, with shouts of joy :
His flaxen curls flow'd on his shoulders behind,
And his rosy face glowed in the pure, brisk wind.
To his merry tread the hard earth rang,
As I led him to where the clear icicles hang ;
Where the frost had sheath'd the trees with white,
And the leafless bushes looked cheering and bright,
And, oh, my heart bounded with mirth to see,
Whilst he plucked the frozen twigs in glee.
I guided him when, with footing nice,
He trusted himself on the slippery ice,
I brought him again to his fireside warm,
To his anxious mother, unscathed by harm.

(*Chorus*). Dance, dance, around our king,
Merrily, merrily, in a ring,
For we always have striven, and ever will,
To work for good, and not for ill.

(THIRD FAIRY).

I spied a young maiden who walk'd alone
Mourning her lover dead,
And to see her chok'd and tearless woe
My inmost bosom bled.
I show'd her where he used to sit
Beneath the ivied oak,
And list to the cooing turtle dove,
Or the woodpecker's ceaseless stroke.
I whisper'd to her "He loves you still
In happier scenes than these,"
And I made her think that she heard once more
His voice upon the breeze :

She turned aside, and then was thaw'd
 The ice of her frozen grief;
 In chasten'd sorrow she bent her head,
 And the warm tears gave relief.

(*Chorus*). Dance, dance, around our king,
 Merrily, merrily, in a ring,
 For we always have striven, and ever will,
 To work for good, and not for ill.

(FOURTH FAIRY.)

Through the smoky strife I saw,
 Pierc'd with wounds a soldier fall;
 Whilst above the din of war
 Rose a feeble, smother'd call.
 Swift on wings of love I flew,
 Bent to ease his parting breath;
 Soothe his pain when closer drew,
 Glorifying in the battle,—Death.

“Who,” he murmur’d faint, “will bear
 “Tidings to my native shore?
 “Who will tell my mother there,
 “That she has a son no more?
 “Tell her that no gloomy dread
 “Marr’d the brightness of my peace;
 “That my soul untroubled fled,
 “Eager for a glad release.

“Give her this, my guide, my trust;
 “Give her”—but his accents fail’d,
 Bursting from the frame of dust,
 Up to heaven his spirit sail’d.
 Back to earth the body roll’d,
 Open fell his blood-stained vest,
 Showing where, within it’s fold,
 Lay the Bible, on his breast.

Hastily his comrade took,
Stooping down amid the fray,
From his heart the precious book,
Passport to Eternal Day.
Quickly, too, I bent my flight,
Through the sky's o'er-arching dome,
Onward, till my anxious sight
Caught his widow'd mother's home.

Soon arriv'd the mournful tale,
Bitter suff'ring dimmed her eye,
Fiercely swell'd Bereavement's gale,
Whilst Affliction eddied by.
Then I hover'd 'mid the storm,
Thoughts of joy and comfort brought,
And raising up her drooping form
Pointed to her son's support.

Token of his constant love,
There the volume met her gaze,
Sayings from the world above
Read she in that gory page.
"Yes" she said, "though not below,
"Yet shall I my lov'd one see,
"For 'tis writ,—'to him I go,
"But he cannot come to me."

(*Chorus.*) Dance, danee, around our king,
Merrily, merrily, in a ring,
For we always have striven, and ever will,
To work for good, and not for ill.

They paus'd, and all was still : the king of day
Stood waiting on the Ocean's farthest verge,

Before he dipp'd beneath the swelling waves
 That seem'd to spread a couch of molten bronze,
 O'erhung with rosy curtains, as the flakes
 Of frothy vapour floated round the West,
 Who sat array'd in borrow'd panoply
 To watch his master as he hasten'd past,
 And then again to sink in gathering shade,
 Devoid and stripp'd of beauty not his own.
 But soon I heard with melancholy notes
 The song arise in cadence wild and low ;—

(FIFTH FAIRY).

He is passing,
 He is passing,
 Minute after minute chasing ;
 Bells are pealing,
 Clocks revealing,
 How the last hour is quickly stealing.
 Hark ! to that sound
 Which rushes around,
 In the heaven and on the ground ;
 I shudder to hear,
 A mysterious fear
 Creeps over me, as it strikes mine ear.
 It draws more nigh,
 It has filled the sky,
 Now with noise confused it is rolling by,
 'Tis a muffled tread,—
 See ! the sun has fled,—
 Oh look ! brothers look ! the Old Year is—dead !

IS DEAD—IS DEAD—IS DEAD—the words were lost

In circling echo through the universe,
From sun to moon, and back from moon to sun
Reverberating loud. Each glimm'ring star
Repeated them ; Orion rang again,
The Serpent shook and hurl'd them down to earth,
Which, answering, mutter'd deep—Is DEAD—Is DEAD !
Through me they swept like thunder ; and there came
Responsive murmurs from the bounds of space,
Distinct, yet soft ; most piercing, yet most still :
A voice to strike the guilty soul with dread,
And call the slumbering stings of conscience forth ;
Yet full of consolation to the mind
That reverences, not dreads a holy God,—
“ Ye sons of men ! another time has gone
“ From those which make the world's appointed days ;
“ And nearer now draws on His cloud-wrapt car,
“ Before whose face the rocks and hills shall melt,
“ And all this massive planet be dissolv'd.
“ Another time has gone, but not its deeds,
“ For they remain before Jehovah's throne,
“ A faithful monument of life or death
“ To all the human race.” It ceased, and fix'd
In momentary trance I lay, and then
The vision fled, and I awoke to think
In blended awe and sadness o'er the dream.

L. F.

SADNESS AND MIRTH :
OR
THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF LIFE.

I stood upon the shelving strands,
 It was on a summer eve,
I watched the wavelets on the sands
 Their form and fashion leave.

I saw the ebbing tide back roll,
 And the moon shine from her bower,
And heard the distant belfry toll
 Solemnly the passing hour.

Cynthia I saw with silvery lip
 Touch the wimpling waves of brine,
And from her golden goblet sip
 The emerald juice of Neptune's vine.

From the crest of each pure billow
 Flashèd back the moon's pale beams,
While asleep on coral pillow
 Lay the nymphs enwrapt in dreams.

All was bathed in light and grandeur,
 And anon, like midnight thief,
The tremulant rays, still fearing danger,
 Sketched the strand in bas-relief.

The ghastly sea-weed scatter'd o'er,
 The shell that whisper'd to the gale,
As it lay, the peaceful shore
 Quivered in the sickly trail.

I saw the stars from casements shining
 In the firmament's blue chart,
They seemed with magic spell divining
 The hid secrets of my heart.

Then a feeling soft came o'er me,
 One which I could not suppress,
For appeared to rise before me
 Dreams of human happiness.

And I grasp'd the phantom vision,
 But it glided into air,
As it mocked my indecision,
 And denied my earnest prayer.

But the Spirit of the Ocean

Thus my wand'ring thoughts address,
His words so rapturous with emotion,

Oft have haunted this sad breast :—

“ Mortal, thou strugglest with delusion,

“ Thy thoughts lie in a troubled vein,

“ A wind-voice in its sweet confusion,

“ An echo I from Ocean's fane,

“ To soothe thy mind and teach it reason,

“ Thus to point the way to Peace,

“ And to shew thee in their season,

“ Life's vicissitudes, caprice !

“ Mark ! the wavelets gently chasing,

“ Scarcely ruffled by the breeze,

“ Each the other's step replacing,

“ As they ride the distant seas.

“ Lies the scene in beauty wrapt,

“ Should I strike the tempest's keys,

“ Lightning-clothèd, thunder-capt,

“ Fierce would roll their symphonies ;

“ For at His word the tempest's thunder

“ With the lightning shall be blent ;

“ Rocks shall e'en be cleft asunder,

“ Nature shall by storms be rent

“ And the furious whirlwind blending
 “ With the hail shall landward hiss ;”—
He spoke, and with the words descending,
 Plunged beneath the dark abyss.—

Lo ! outstretched with darksome awning,
 Veil'd the clouds the sky serene,
As in prelude they gave warning
 Of a wild, tempestuous scene.

Closer, more dense, the black mass thicken'd,
 Pouring forth its floods of hail,
Whilst the billows rode storm-quicken'd,
 Driven by the boisterous gale.

Trembling at the bass vibration,
 Shiver'd e'en the foaming surge,
And the flash in revelation
 Saw the coast writhe 'neath its scourge.

Mountain on mountain, piled aloft,
 Tower'd the mass in curvèd bow,
Then like the crested snake when scoff'd,
 Darts his venom on the foe :

At one time hissing 'gainst the rocks,
 That resisted yet their wrath,
Or lifted by the equinox
 Licked Heaven's surface with their froth :

And methought a goodly vessel
 Strove athwart the hurricane ;
As with winds 'twas seen to wrestle,
 Boom'd the minute gun in vain.

Lo ! once more the storm subsides,
 Vanish'd is the rude alarm,
While again the swollen tides
 Ran in channels smooth and calm.

And the ship her pathway wended,
 Fearless since the danger past,
Yet the dang'rous flag depended,
 Drooping from the quiv'ring mast.

Smiles were seen Heaven's face to gladden,
 As her cloudy brow she clears,
But was left my mind to sadden,
 Nature 'lone dissolved in tears.

Ask you of tears, what is their meaning ?
 Whence an utterance can they find ?
Scatter'd grains, that, left from gleaning,
 Point the harvest of the mind

What ? but silent harbingers
 Of the heart's deep hidden sense,
Swift yet speechless messengers,
 To declare its sentiments ;

Gentle whispers with their sighing,
Are they from the troubled breast,
Gentler echoes soft replying,
Dewdrops from man's heart express'd ;
Say you they are strange devices,
Worthless pleas man finds for grief ?
Ah ! they own a thousand voices,
Angels they to give relief.
Think not 'tis foolish to repine,
'Tis a creed of fools alone,
Man is nobler, more divine,
When his heart is not of stone !

Then at length Heaven closed her gate-head,
Whence the watery mass had burst,
And the scene, with darkness freighted,
Tranquil grew and bright as erst.

Sweet that voice once more resounded
In mine ears, like patt'ring rain,
They, by the storm-din no more wounded,
Strove to catch the sweet refrain,—

“ Listen, mortal, to this sequel !
“ To this lesson, Nature-taught,
“ All things, tho' diverse, yet are equal,
“ In His sight exists no—nought.

- “ Life is but that Ocean glorious,
“ Glist’ning ’neath yon orb sublime,
“ That, with efforts e’er laborious,
“ Strikes anent the shores of Time.
- “ The ship thou sawest nobly battling,
“ Is man’s soul ’midst dangers weird,
“ And those guns with iron prattling
“ Are the stings of conscience sear’d.
- “ The merry chimes that lately greeted
“ The swift moments in their pass,*
“ Are the prologues oft repeated
“ In Life’s semi-tragic farce.
- “ The youthful child his toy-boat launcheth,
“ Full of hopes and fears the while,
“ To the tiny billows chanceth
“ What was fraught with anxious toil.
- “ Man, when young, elate with gladness,
“ In the stream of Pleasure laves,
“ For unmarr’d by this world’s sadness
“ Gently flow the crystal waves.
- “ Ever restless, ever changing,
“ Seeking for some fresh employ,
“ Since no griefs his joys estranging,
“ Tell him Life has no alloy.

* *Pass*—for passage, transit.

“ Tell him falsely, what is falsehood !

“ Life is but a Pleasure-Fair,

“ That the soul from dangers wooed,

“ E’en may sport and revel there.

“ He may at the altar Pleasure

“ Immolate his vows in youth,

“ And may grasp *that* for his treasure,

“ Which is but a cobweb smooth.

“ But as Time on him his finger

“ Lays, he finds ’tis not a dream,

“ E’en the moments will not linger,

“ Joys too are not what they seem.

“ Soon the clouds of woe surround him,

“ And Affliction’s tide sets in,

“ Whilst the shafts of sadness wound him,

“ ’Scaping not the general din.

“ In his days now plainly number’d,

“ He reviews his mis-spent life,

“ And beholds his soul long slumber’d

“ Wrapt in th’ elemental strife.

“ Vainly does his conscience mutter

“ Warnings in its notes of woe,

“ Still his thoughts like pennons flutter

“ In the breeze that Sin’s gales blow.

“ Snow-crown’d age may find the anger
“ Of the tempest pass’d away,
“ But remains a passive languor,
“ Cowers his mind beneath its sway.

“ Ah! mortal, thou wert born to sorrow,
“ Justice is Creation’s law,
“ Sadness now, and Mirth to-morrow,
“ Life’s enigma solved before.*

“ Life is short, but joys are shorter,
“ Pleasure is a Goddess bought,
“ And Remorse, e’en Death escort her,
“ Till the mind she treads, yields drought.

“ *O! lay not up your hopes on earth,*
“ *Where the moth and rust corrode,’*
“ There is Sadness, there is Mirth,
“ Listen to this episode.

“ In Life’s garland, howe’er fair,
“ Sadness and Mirth they are woven there!
“ In sweet Nature’s kindly tone,
“ Girdled by Creation’s zone;
“ From the cradle to the grave,
“ Leaping o’er Life’s troubled wave;

* *Solved before*—e.g., at the Fall, when the curse was pronounced upon our first parents with respect to the eating of the forbidden fruit.

“ In the early scenes of youth,
“ Tho’ they flow so calm and smooth ;
“ In man’s swift, successive ages,
“ Thro’ Life’s drear and varied stages ;
“ In the childish sport and play,
“ Brighten’d by Affection’s ray ;
“ In the prime of manhood’s years,
“ Which a sadder aspect wears ;
“ In the cup of youthful love,
“ Where twin hearts in cadence move ;
“ In the mazes of the world,
“ Thro’ whose glitter he is whirled ;
“ In the brilliant masquerade,
“ Where Beauty reigns, and is obeyed ;
“ In the more active scenes, where Vice
“ And Falsehood lend their baneful voice ;
“ In the drunken night’s debauch,
“ In the revel at Death’s porch ;
“ In the songs that oft resound
“ From the room Silenus-crown’d ;
“ In the worldling’s course thro’ life
“ Mark’d by sin and moneyed strife ;
“ E’en in the Christian’s path so bright,
“ Hallow’d by its Heavenly light ;
“ In the warrior’s hard-earn’d fame,
“ Who maketh slaughter his sole aim ;
“ Both in the poet’s and artist’s lore,
“ In golden cups as in days of yore ;

“ When Greece and Rome at their zenith were,
“ And the civilised world crouched not to Despair;
“ In the homes of *this* earth, ay, everywhere,
“ Sadness and Mirth they are mingled there !”

Ceased the voice, and left me buried
In the dreams those words had wrought,
Sadly then I homeward hurried,
Tost upon the sea of Thought.

While with Sadness Mirth entwining,
That my mind appeared to shroud ;
But said a voice, “ there is a lining,
“ A silver one to every cloud !”

Then when I stood before the portal,
Gazing on the darken'd pane,
Before me flash'd those words immortal,
Those whispers beauteous from the main. !

J. W. W.

WARNINGS FROM NATURE.



There is a voice which calls to man,
And warns him to be wise ;
Above, below him, and around,
Oft does that voice arise.

Each flower that in the hedgerow blooms,
Each little bird that sings,
To every one who passes by
A word of counsel brings.

The lily in the shady grove,
With her flowers of snowy hue,
Shows him he should strive to live
Pure, and unspotted too.

The violet on the grassy bank,
And the yellow primrose gay,
Cheering the weary traveller's sight,
As he plods along his way,

And the graceful wood anemone
With one accord declare,
“ Lift up, lift up, your hearts to Him
“ Whose hand has set us there.”

Then let us not in proud disdain
These humble voices spurn,
Or deem ourselves too great, too wise,
From the lowly flowers to learn.

Can we whose weakness is so great,
Whose knowledge so confin'd,
Whose days so quickly pass away,
Nor leave a trace behind ;

Can we no deep instruction draw,
No useful lessons take
From works, which God Omnipotent
Hath not despised to make ?

Will they not all in judgment rise,
And haughty man condemn,
For the wisdom which he might have gain'd,
Had he but heeded them !

L. F.

THE DELAWARE'S LAMENT.



Art thou fallen, O my brother ?
Shall I hear thy voice no more ?
Weep, ye echoes of the mountain,
Weep, ye echoes of the shore :

Who of late so loudly sounded,
As his shallop cleft the waves,
Speechless now, and mute with sorrow,
Sitting in your vocal caves.

Weep, ye monarchs of the forest,
Check thy flowing, crystal rill,
He no more shall taste thy waters
Bubbling on the thirsty hill.

Mourn for him, ye headlong rivers
Sweeping down the mountain side,
Ne'er again shall ye behold him
Stemming your impetuous tide.

Wither now, ye woodland bowers,
Wither now each leafy glade ;
Drop, oh ! drop, your faded blossoms,
Cease, oh ! cease, your useless shade.

Fearless through the rustling brakewood,
Wander on, ye timid deer ;
He is dead at whom ye trembled,
When his voice came hov'ring near.

Wolves, and wild beasts of the desert,
Sing ye now a song of joy,
He is dead whose certain arrow
Never flew but to destroy.

Art thou fallen, O my brother ?
Shall I see thy face no more ?
Tell it, comrades, to the mountains,
Tell it, mountains, to the shore :

Tell it, shore, to every billow ;
Tell it, billows, to the gale ;
Tell it, winds, till all Creation
Utters forth a general wail.

Hark ! I hear the rocks complaining,
Hark ! I hear the tall trees groan,
Swelling floods, and trickling brooklet,
Earth, and Heaven, and Ocean moan.

All with one united voice,
All for instant vengeance cry ;
See ! the hand of Night is clothing
In a funeral garb the sky.

Forward ! forward ! to the battle,
Ere the field is sunk in gloom ;
With my brother let me perish,
Let me share my brother's tomb !

L. F.

TRUTH,

A POEM IN TWO PARTS.

And what is TRUTH? the breath of God Himself,
The halo that encycles Zion's towers,
The angel pure who on Creation's morn
The prologue chaunted to Redemption's law,
The highest and the noblest strain that man,
A grovelling worm, can utter, the small stream
That winds with silvery melody around
The Universe, the queen of every Virtue wrapt
In man, his soul's transcendent rays,
Centre to which his being gravitates,
The fulcrum that supports the grandeur stern
Of Nature, and to sum the measure up,
For numbers cannot count her sterling worth,
"Christ is 'the Truth,' and Truth the Word of God!"

T R U T H .

A R G U M E N T .

INTRODUCTION to the Poem—Invocation of the Spirit of Truth—Man—His character—Innate principles of Right and Wrong—The Soul—The tree of Intellect—Repudiation of Truth in all ages by man—The Virtues—The world's panorama—Human vices—The steps from Truth to Falsehood—Guile—Deceit—The mimic arts employed by mankind—Prevarication—The accompaniments—The school boy—Truth betwixt parents and children—The parent's treatment of her child—Exaggeration—The courtesies of Life—Flattery—The Lie concealed beneath the mocking tone—The Nurse and her child—The youth—Avarice—The Jew—The Miser—His wretched life and more infamous end—Scandal—Her servile practices—Falsehood direct—The Universe has ever been stained by it—The Infidel—His accursed creed—Abnegation of God, Creation, the Word of God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost—The death bed of the Atheist—His futile entreaties for salvation—The warning his death should afford for his disciples—Hypocrisy—Perjury and Treachery, his intimate friends—The forger—The suicide—The unjust judge—The Lawyer—The divine—The various religious sects on earth—The Roman Catholic—His creed—His abominable practices—The Goddess Pleasure—Her fascinations, some of the world's pleasures—The ball-room—The race-course—Its frequenter—The Theatre—Pride—Vanity—Self-conceit—Fame—The warrior—The Artist—Poverty and Wealth—The Gamester—The Coxcomb—The Flirt—The blessings of the millennium—Truth once more acknowledged as the supreme Virtue—Conclusion.

S P I R I T O F T R U T H E T E R N A L ! thou to whom
 The first man in his days of bliss on earth,
 Untutored, owned unbought supremacy,
 And at thy shrine immaculate his vows,

Once holy, offered ; and, while Virtue reigned,
Became her willing subject, 'till, by sin
Unscaled, his eyes the balance sure perceived,
Where Justice poised the weights of Right and Wrong
In equal scale, presenting to his choice ;
Chusing the latter, soon he learned to mock
Thy precepts and thy wisdom ; thou who hast
From ages ante-mundane, full of Night,
Through centuries primeval, step by step
Down Time's gigantic stairway to this age
Of Day enlightening, with fair Virtue passed,
By man tho' tainted yet preserved intact,
Still hovering o'er this globe replete with Art
And all the signs that Wisdom hath set up
To act as landmarks to the mortal soul,
When wandering o'er Life's desert pilgrimage,
Forlorn and needing but some guiding star
To point the way to human happiness
Oft disregarded for the barren wastes,
And mountain unattainable 'neath which
The curse of God lay pent ; O thou who art
The one great firmament, in which
The stars, the epochs in man's carnal life,
Do travel in their daily course around
The one great centre of omniscient light
The Word of God and Virtue both combined,
Both scorn'd, oft trampled on ; thee I invoke,
Spirit immutable, Eternal Truth !

My lips direct, me teach, and gently now
Upon my lyre place thou thy guiding hand !

In what strains suitable can I rehearse,
Rolling my numbers o'er the sum of man,
The hidden mysteries of that precious gem
Reflected from thy crystal mirror, when
It stands triumphant 'neath the throne of God ?
What better inchoation could I find,
By which my brother man, misguided, wrecked,
Like ship without a rudder, rudely tost
On Life's deep stormy waves, may shelter gain
In port of Peace, than by depicting first
His character as known, unknown, as changed,
Unchangeable, probing his inmost heart,
Unprobed before, and lay it open, bared,
And stripped of all its insignificance.
What better strain adapted to her lyre
Could Virtue strike, than by recounting next
In man her various doctrines Heaven-instilled,
That flowing in the Stream of Life become
In this world's miry quicksands close involved,
And bear upon their current to the grave,
A mixture tainted that defiles the whole ?
Man, man endowed with reasoning and a mind,
With talent, genius, and the other leaves,
That growing on the tree of Intellect,
Are watered by the holy dews of Truth,

And pruned by Jehovah's hand, still erred,
Chusing to pluck the venomous fruit instead,
That with its tinselled blossom glowed afar,
Alluring to the taste his mind deceived,
Which when once tasted left him wracked with pains,
Him of his purchase senseless to apprise.
Man ever did, doth now, and ever will
The sterling value of this Truth reject
For the mere glittering bauble that but gleams
The moment, and then tarnish'd, dull appears,
An empty shadow leaving in his grasp.

The several Virtues that at man's first birth
Inherent are, expanding as his soul,
Like the bright sun upon his early course
Pours o'er the glebe a golden flood of light
Subdued and soft, that with its radiant heat
The flow'ring pistils warms, which scarce at first
Venture to thrust their parti-coloured leaves
In ruby cell enclosed; then boldly ope
Their petals, when the sun its zenith full
Hath passed. Thus, in the sacred morn of Life,
Those virtues grow so fearless, they would seem
As tho' not part and pareel of himself.
Developed yet, his mind in course of Time
Shows all the genial qualities arrayed
Before the world; follows the anti-change;
'Tis then spring up the poisonous weeds of earth,

its pomp, its pleasures, and in glowing hue
The panorama floats before his gaze ;
He looks ; then gradually admires in fine
That master-piece, the Devil's own *chef d'œuvre*,
Until, allured by false attractions, pays
The stipulated sum, his soul,—content
With his sad bargain plunging into Death.

Strange vices are there prevalent 'mongst men,
In number and in order eight ; a step
Each forming in the ladder that depends
From Truth's empyrean into Falsehood's depths.
And first of these, an old man in his sins,
Comes Guile ; his art is universal, since
Pervading every stage and every rank
In man's existence, from the beardless youth,
E'en to the hoary head of years, on whom
If such, the monarch's blessing would not fall.
Sprung from his loins a progeny of woe,
Stalks forth Deceit, who, with his wily tongue
Whispers the ear of man, thus calmly fooled,
Poisons his mind with doctrines rank and bad,
Deceitful leading him to clothe his thoughts
Beneath its surplice shadowy, impure ;
'Till cramp'd and fetter'd by the galling chains
Escape he knows not, and remains fast bound.
Delusion fatal ; mockery of sin,
Unhallowed practice, which the Word of God

Has oft denounced, and yet, O foolish soul,
Thou harbourest its presence, baneful, cursed,
'Till, as the ingrate serpent, it in wrath
Its blackest venom on thine heart implants.
A petty fault 'mong worldly men exists,
'Mong woman-kind still more ; too palpable
E'er to remain unstigmatized ; 'tis this.—
A woman has been known, her heart estranged,
Though placed within the sphere of pomp and wealth,
And gifted with all blessings craved by man,
In daily intercourse with Death to live,
Unguarded from his shafts unerring winged.
Her comrades to deceive she would essay,
The world at large, by looks unnatural,
Would strive to check of counterfeited Age
His steps, his irresistible ravages
In Pelian fashion, and would mimic arts
Unlike sweet Nature use, loathsome withal.
Such filthy mummery I do abhor,
Disgraceful to the holy cross we bear,
A mockery of Creation and her gifts.
For thou might'st see her at the dead of night
Before her gilded mirror sitting still,
With fastened door to screen the sight of men
But not of God from her unhallowed deeds.
Then would she trembling seize each guilty tool
Her countenance to sculpture smooth, erase
The wrinkled furrows made by Time's deep plough,

And colour with a velvet touch and dye
Her parchèd cheek, her bosom, and her hair,
And with a self-bought smile her form admire,
Freed from its chains, and in the brilliant room
Would e'en with youth spin out the ravished hour,
Listening to words of flattery, engrossed
In self so much, that e'en th' observant eye
Of those around she sees not, sternly fixed,
Herself the butt of Scandal's darts and jokes,
Till wakened to a sense of nothingness
Retires to mourn a sensual mind, a soul,
A blasted, withered fruit, a fig-tree cursed !

Appears upon the stage of Life one next,
Whose footsteps wavering from the path of Truth
Start oft-times like a broken bow, when launched
The arrow from the archer's powerful palm.
His tottering footsteps scarce support a frame
Palsied with fear, and quivering with affright,
His 'scutcheon is a quibble, and his arms
Deceit and Wrong ; his shield the motto bears,—
Prevarication : not the stripling tall,
Nor grey-haired sire can e'er shun his darts.
Yet oftener found in youth ;—the school boy who,
With satchel on his shoulder wends his way
To village school, and wish'd him home the while,
Midway reluctant loiters on the road,
In sport to wile away the weary hour :

Arriving late before the school-room door,
Behind the cowering forms he skulks, and seeks
By falsehood indirectly to avoid
The pedagogue's uplifted arm and rod.
Vain subterfuge ! he little thought to' escape
A Day of future punishment condign !

Betwixt the parent and the child of years
Truth should subsist, and on a footing sure
Her golden fruit should realize from both.
Yet on the parent must this sole rely :
Of such twain have I seen, in character
Diverse, with minds opposed, wills antithetical.
Mark then, O Christian, each, and silent draw
A line of demarcation 'twixt the two.
A family behold ! where hearts were loved,
Where sweet Affection's rays shone lustrous forth,
Unquenched on the altar, glowing warm,
Fed by the oil of Love, and fanned by Truth.
They loved their offspring, not in outward form
As many love, but with the heart sincere.
They spoke not once in wrath, harsh words knew not,
Nor foul invectives [shame on the parent's tongue,]
Nor blows, or menaces disgraced their hands
Or speech,—by actions kind they strove, and tones
Still kinder, thus “ to bind with cords of love”
Those little hearts to theirs', and as the magnet strong
By force innate impelled the loadstone clasps,

As radii to yon orb's centripetal,
Their hearts attract and they succeeded soon.
How sweet to watch that circle by the hearth
On Winter's eve, to see those tiny hands
Placed trustingly within those elder palms,
And with an upturned face, reflection fair
Of the maternal mirror, silent gaze,
With looks that spoke a rapturous eloquence,
With ear attentive listen to the tale
Of interest, now with anxious look
That boded sorrow, or the merry laugh
Would ring in silvery tones anon from glee,
That e'en the angels, raptured at the sight,
Their harps would strike in concert to the sound.
And I have known, alas! the household where
Fear reigned, and Love was banished from her realm.
Those little hearts estrangèd grew, were seared,
And stunted in their growth, neglected thus
They ran a-seed, for ah! they took delight,
Those parents in upbraiding, thwarting each
And every thought or word expressed, would spurn,
Ay, treat in icy form their blighted hopes,
Thus crushing out their very soul to dust,
Leaving a curse and not a blessing rich
To weep, and stain the grass of Youth with blood.
Yet in a stranger's presence 'lone they talked,
And chatted friendly, smiled, e'en laughed anon
In unrestrainèd mirth, but when they caught

The sound of heavy footsteps drawing near
And saw that withering glance, relapsed the while
To silence, as, with downcast eyes and breast
That scarce withheld the heaving floods pent up
Within, which menaced tempest, yet content
In moistened drops to pour, they scanned athwart
The floor that seemed to answer to their grief.
No joyful season as the year rolled round
Their stern existence gladdened, for no words
Of kindly greeting welcomed Holy-days.
Ah! secrets they possessed that should not be
Hid from a mother's ear, they shunned her path,
And crouched beneath the despot-father's rule.
Call'st thou *this* "Love," O Christian parent, child
Thyself in God's esteem? wilt trample ruthless down
Those glitt'ring jewels fixed in His coronet,
Unstained, pure dewdrops fresh from Heaven distilled?
Wilt murder thus Affection's sweetest life,
And quench the flame of love? wilt rob Life's wreath
Of flowerets those entrusted to thy care?
Thy spirit first remodel, then adore!
Yet urge I not indulgence *the extreme*:
A sin it is that leads to stern results,
But seldom heeded by the parent who
Complies with every whim and strange caprice
Of petted infancy, with silly mind
The wisdom of her vainer child applauds,
And beauty praises that exists not there,

Or hard to be observed, and lends an ear
To foolish falsehoods of some outrage false,
And sees remorseless tortures practised on
Some feebler object, like a Nero small,
Restraining not his barb'rous will and thoughts.
This is not Love, tho' seeming so forsooth,
It is to heap coals burning on his head,
To sheath a cruel dagger in his heart,
To launch him on the Sea of Life, whereon
To toss and stagger with no helm to guide
His ship, with vain Society to war,
Detested, mocked at by false-hearted friends.
O spare thyself and him while yet a child :
Else, as the seasons pass, the opening youth,
Astricted in that converse which to him
Should prove the source of knowledge, and of joy,
Will learn to trifle with the edgèd tool
Of conscience scared, and dally with his speech,
And thereby practising th' infernal art,
That art our minds which teacheth to depict
In glowing tints, things not existing, lies,
Or if existing are augmented, free
To twice or thrice their bulk, until the thought
Swells to a climax passing all restraint,
Hunting the mind with phantoms foolish, vain.
Or should, perchance, a fact of magnitude
Be questioned, 'tis at once set down as nought,
Or to miasmas melts incongruous.

Exaggeration this, a common fault,
'Mong men, and none perhaps more cherish'd, lov'd.
Thus in the daily courtesies of life,
In conversation common-place of friends,
And ceremonious compliment of phrase,
Kind words tho' sounding high, and utter'd oft
In all their oily sweetness, yet retain
No vestige of the import they convey ;
Kind looks, a visage radiant with smiles,
But ill conceal a heart with malice filled,
Where Egotism held sway unrestrained.
Fair promises were made to be revoked,
Or which, the miser with his grudging hand,
Man's heart, ekes out in scanty offerings, mean,
That ill suffice to weigh the measure down.
E'en Flattery, the minion base of hell,
In cringing smoothness that reviles herself,
In many a circle finds a vacant chair,
And leering on her victim soon seduced
Doth charm its foolish image with her words
That like the burning lake are bottomless.
The Lie concealed beneath the sportive jest
Is but the rusty iron, slightly oiled,
That jars and grates upon the listening ear
In harmony discordant, and ill-timed.
'Tis but a lie, if ta'en in truest sense,
Too oft indulg'd in by the feeble mind,
Foibled and cramp'd for thought. When eve has hushed

The earth in rest, and dons her sable veil
Of widowhood, mantling the polar sky,
From pillar'd roof no tremulous sound ascends,
Save the low wailing of the child whose nurse,
By tales of sleepless spectres, seeks to fright
Its living soul, that paralysed by fear,
With blanchèd cheeks, and lips the colour fled,
Lists to the lying words, 'till sleep at length
In airy vision robes the ghastly tale,
And lulls his haunted soul to cruel rest.
The youth who with his comrade prates anon
Of things he knows not, or inverts the while
In heedless unconcern, a tone employs
Of lying mockery, his friend deceived
Learns to mistrust his words and cavils strange.
'Tis all a lie, a fabrication false,
A mocked reality at war with Truth,
No vestige leaving of its faith behind
To give it colour or a credence slight.

To Truth next hateful, Avarice is found
Among the sons of men ; rarely, perchance,
But when it is, fierce burn the bick'ring flames.
The wandering Israelite now cursed of God,
Where'er he went the curse of nations bore :
Scoffed and maltreated by the rabble mob,
Despised by all a wretched life he spent,
His name became a by-word, every sin

Was him affixed, for Lucre was his god,
Steeped to the lowest grade of infamy ;—
Yet hurl not, tho' deserving it forsooth,
A slander on that race contemned by man,
But which Jehovah still doth call His own.
The man who with a mind acquisitive
Hunts, bleeds, and wanders o'er the spacious world
To grasp the empty treasure of his dreams,
That he might call his *own*, a yellow thing,
A glittering, perishable, useless earth,
That tasked the gainer's mind with ceaseless pangs,
And wearied out with watchings day and night,
To hold it sure—this was the Miser, fool !
Ah ! you might view him when the midnight chimes
Struck solemn o'er the souls of other men
Wrapt in repose, beside his glimm'ring lamp,
With fiendish chuckling gloating o'er his gold,
With palsied fingers as he tells it o'er
And o'er, until each trembling coin in fright
With fearsome chink seems to elude his touch.
Upon his forehead Penury was stamped ;
His blood scarce curdled in his gnarlèd veins,
Stagnant from age ; and Fever did her work
Within his frame, and drank, ay, drained in draught,
The very marrow from his fleshless bones.
Hung on his loathsome carcase tattered rags
Barely concealed a skin begrimed with filth,
The tenement in which dwelt an immortal soul !

Just God ! is 't in a sepulchre as this
That lustrous gem thou placest to illumine
Man's nobler self ? how wise are thy decrees !
Unkennd thy will ! thine aims inscrutable !
And in the day-time when the beggar comes
To beg the trifling pittance from his store
Would foul invectives utter, and would drive
The sufferer with a lie unalmsed to Fate.
Illfated wretch ! thy death was as thy life,
And *that* was sordid drudgery and sin ;
Grasping thy chest of gold, thy guilty soul
To judgment wings its course, where at the bar
'Gainst thee each coin shall awful witness bear.

Another rankling weed that grows apace
Upon the heart's damp soil, is Scandal vile ;
Its leaves are greenest when its roots do trail
Within a shallow mind that owns no earth ;
Its sophistry debased, unchristian, mean,
Its aim malicious, and its sole design
To cast a stain upon its fellow-man,
And blast an honest reputation, both
Deserving ill perchance such censure foul.
Not e'en the friendly circle, and the hearts
That sit at night around the fireside hearths
Can flee the withering fury of its tongue,
In strange confusion mingling things and facts ;
Passing from house to house, from friend to friend,

A torrent irresistible in the ear
Pours, with malignant fever ever rife,
Scorching the hearer's life-blood in his veins,
And leaving him a blasted, toil-worn thing,
The soul unfettered had, and thrown away.
Thou Mortal, Christian, whosoe'er thou art,
That boastest Christian virtues and a creed
Divine ! is 't thus thy friend and brother man
With mark of shame thou brandest, and with mire
Heedless his calling and his name befoul ?
Avaunt ! and hold a parley with thine heart,
Tear out the blackened poison from its cell,
And casting trample it thy foot beneath.

The seventh step this ; at length we shuddering touch
The eighth, a frightful precipice, 'gainst which
Rages and chafes the fiery lake beneath,
Its restless billows tossing to and fro.
A Falsehood, Lie, in glaring hue pourtrayed,
The primal sin, in vestments hideous wrapt,
With visage bold, unshrinking, undisguised,
That with its tainted breath infects man's life,
Destroys his heaven-born system, and thus stamps
A malleable impression on his heart.
Blackest of vices black, most monstrous sin,
Satanic creed, dread progeny of Hell,
The Universe once wounded by thy shafts,
Her wheel immeasurable still rolls round,

Lashing the miry waters of Deceit,
And flings the dark foam o'er the souls of men.

A character most vicious, most defiled,
With sophistry most damned, whose flimsy webs
He strives around his fellows' hearts to weave,
Backed by assertions in themselves most false,
Wanders the Sceptic o'er the world at large,
Himself a mass incongruous of lies,
His words a Falsehood, and his creed a Lie.
This is his creed : an abnegation strange
Of God himself, an error fearful, mad :
Creation he affirms a zero, nought ;
This World a chance anomaly, o'er which
A beauteous being Nature cast a robe
Of pleasing hues well sorted ; and the Sun,
An orb of fiery splendor, hazard-fixed,
Round which the moon and stars of lesser light
Revolved, small casual globes, each singly worked,
And regulated by the springs of Chance,
An orrery, themselves thus forming, grand.
Existence human was a natural fact,
Its primal origin he refusèd e'en
To credit, as a superstition vague,
A fable anile, worthless, long-worn out,
But handed down the annals of the age
To credulous posterity, son to son,
To be received, rejected, at their will ;

The Soul, the Passions, both the flux, reflux
Of Intellect and Mind were poesies,
That raised man's thoughts divine above the brute,
The senseless herd : Death was a messenger
Who closed and seal'd the brief of his long years ;
All things, both living, dormant, every power
Human existing to the idol Chance
Ascribed, and worshipped at her empty fane,
An unimaginable thing that fools
Sought after ; and, in seeking, downward fell,
Baffled and goaded by a stern Remorse.
The Word of God, blest Book ! to him appeared
[Pardon such blasphemies, Celestial Dove,]
A book full stocked with lies, replete throughout
With reasonings insane, unmeaning, void,
A novel in two volumes, incomplete :
The first with prophecies adorned, deduced
From Pythian heads, with crotchets madly hatch'd
From frenzied brains, with aphorisms debased,
With senseless tales at which the reader scoffed,
Forming diversion new : the second seemed
A repetition frequent of the same,
In which (just Heaven my tongue forgive, rebuke !)
The hero was a novice, craven, weak,
Who fought his battles with the arms of Peace,
An outcast, by the herd reviled, and who
With glory none to crown His name, at length
Unpitied died an ignominious death !

No deeper slough exists, in which the soul
Could flounder in its struggles to be freed,
And which is dug by one soul to ensnare
Its fellow soul, than Atheism, a well
Filled to the brim with putrifying filth,
Malaria noxious, foulsome, and whose stain
No penance can oblivate, and which
Its patron through the realms of space shall hurl,
Deep in the lake that burneth evermore !
Now mark the death-bed of the Infidel ;
His life was warfare, and his death was Hell.
It were enough to make a Pagan quake,
And rend the Christian soul with agony
To see that scene ; but yet it must be viewed.
Fever oppressed, he tosses to and fro,
And wracked with pains, by stings of conscience galled,
The penal dogmas of his unbelief,
Upon his couch : and, with disordered brain,
Of Truth rejected raves ; in death, to God
Despised in his life-time, he appeals,
His Word, once scorned, invokes,—His Son reviled
And trampled 'neath his foot before, reminds
Of mercy merciless, and doctrines meek.
In vain : that God but mocked at his affright,
That Book, in pages mute, his sentence speaks ;
That Son no longer merciful, replies,
“ The Spirit who blasphemeth, he shall die ! ”—
His visage tortured, by the glimm'ring wick

Revealed, would e'en the imps of Hell appal.
His shrinking friends, aghast, all cower beneath
That fiendish look, where they damnation read.
His breast a chaos of conflicting storms,
A hell itself, laborious heaves with pain :
His glaring eye-balls start ; his wasted hands
Clutch at the empty air that flies his grasp,
And forward springing with a fearful yell
Falls back a corse, and on his lips an oath.
Dread Atheist lie within thy tomb, await
The' archangel's trumpet and tribunal white,
Warn thy disciples of this awful thing,
" A creature unprepared to meet his God !"

PART II.

Attune thy strings once more, O harp, and breathe,
Spirit divine, soft whispers in mine ear,
As I relate again man's carnal sins ;
Affrighted cedars, ye of Zion bow,
Bow down thy head, O son of man, and hear :—

Another vice, and in Jehovah's sight
Less hateful scarce, it is,—Hypocrisy.
Infernal fabric, carved, and sculptured o'er
With trellis-work and figures delicate,
All finely wrought, and traced by Falsehood's hand,
Pleasing without, within a ruinous mass,
With rubbish built, that yielded to the touch,
And yet alluring to its dazzling halls,
Halls rich with many a gem the wavering mind,
That ere the threshold crossed in thunders wrapt
Lies blasted, crushed beneath the falling mass.
The holy man could recognize afar
The hypocrite, tho' robed in many a form ;
With visage sanctimonious and austere,
Or crowned with smiles and witty pleasantries,
With words that dipped in oil flowed gracefully,

In smell mellifluous, but gall in taste.
E'en as he prayed he thought on Sin and Vice,
Beside the death-bed of his kinsman, whiles
He promised fair to use his wealth aright
In equal distribution 'mongst his friends,
Would schemes concert to rob them of it all.
When called on with his right hand he would place
A sixpence in the chest of Poverty,
And with the left would draw a guinea forth.
With cloak of ample foldings cast around
His form, and on his lips an adder's sting ;
These thinly veiled a hollow heart deep dyed
In Sin's own hues, a quota of deceit,
Was written in his eye—Deceit, the brand
Of Falsehood hissed and spirted on his brow.
With Perjury and Treachery allied
He arm-in-arm stalked Life's long bye-ways through,
A trio who with flattering words allured
Their victim to the portals hot of Hell ;
The former, who with looks like glaciers cold,
And heart still colder, blacker, e'en than ink,
The maiden injured by his impious acts,
And of her virtue robbed, defenceless leaves
Her guardian sole, her armour 'lone thro' life.
Or crammed with all the heinous sins, that Guilt
Could muster from this world's most vicious hosts,
Would patrimony solve, and in despair
Maddened and goaded, by one moment's deed

Upon the parchment stamp his forgery,
Bannition dread thus gaining for himself,
And for his soul damnation, if to meet
The pistol-shot he bared his guilty breast.

No better was the Judge who calmly sat
Upon the judgment seat, who calmer heard
The prisoner's truthful pleading at the bar
With look of feignèd justice, grave as Death,
Who tranquil would the fearful sentence—"Death"
Pronounce, whilst in one hand the Book he held,
And in the other clenched the rich man's bribe !
How solemn shall the Judge of Judges read
Thy sentence from his throne of Justice, Truth !

The lawyer oft was one devoid of Truth,
Who on his gold eternal welfare staked,
A curious medley was he, wrought and sewn
With parts disjunct, all patched and cobbled o'er,
But still the rents disclosed his rottenness ;
For he would gibber, bandy words and terms
With brazen-tongued effrontery, would stand
In turn the shock of language foul unmoved,
And placid hear the adverse arguments.
Appeared he thus in Court ; but at his desk
At night, he sat, and rubbed his aching brow,
Haggard with anxious trials, and would search
His parchments through to find some petty flaw,

Which if not there would render one himself,
The case to make more intricate at night,
Still farther from solution than at morn.
An horrid woof was Law, in which the threads
Of man's existence were wove round and round,
In strange Disorder, ravelled, mystified,
A tangled mass devoid of harmony,
Save at the fairy-touch of lawyer's wand.

Then Treachery, who with mining weapons works,
And saps beneath the spotless walls of Faith,
Or should the "filthy lucre" cross his palm
Would e'en Salvation's camp desert, to trust
His honour (now no longer such) to Death.
There was no mortal spurned, abhorred on earth,
More than the hypocrite, who shall anon
His meed, his awful punishment obtain.
Were tainted all men with his noisome breath,
The preacher, [God forgive that many such
Should be], too oft his holy creed forgot,
And his vocation Christian, doctrines pure,
And would, to earn a reputation false,
As one of talent and a mind refined,
Launch forth upon the sea of eloquence,
Drain every drop, and yet would thirst for more ;
Would hold Truth minor to the world's small praise,
Provided he could hear his name pronounced,
Repeated, lauded, by the fireside hearth.

Vain hope, delusive fame ; his Master, whom
On earth he did reject, to whom he swore
Eternal fealty, will subscribe him false,
And him surrender to his real lord,
Whose fief he was, upon his brow to' impress
The brand of his accursèd servitude.

Now varied sects and diverse filled the earth,
Each deeming other minor to itself,
And its creed paramount with Holiness ;
Affirmed each 'lone Religion's pathway trod,
And to this end the real Truth forgot,
And in forgetting were denied of God.
Of all who held this theory absurd,
The Romanist was rankest, and he served
The Devil, in the form of Anti-Christ ;
A minion pampered in his theft-gained wealth,
A scarlet monarch on his Papal throne.
Countries and kingdoms traversed he afar,
And " compassed sea and land one proselyte
To make," and win him to his cause, in halls
Full sumptuous decked, and village hearths he gained
Admittance ready, both the hearts of kings
And peasants' minds he sought alike to' ensnare ;
And, whilst he tyrannized o'er one, would stoop
To lick the dust from off the other's feet.
Of outward forms his creed consisted all :
No particle of Truth reposed within

His mind incarnate, body sensual ;
Each word and act were oft antipodes
To what he taught, his being whole conjured up ;
Strange was his creed : he taught of Christ as one
Inferior to his mother, who 'lone reigned,
And o'er Heaven and its hosts bore sovereign sway ;
Denied the Word of God and Holy Ghost :
His prayer was in itself a mockery,
A wooden cycle formed of tiny spheres,
Which he would count, recount, and re-recount
Within as short a space of time as tongue
Or fingers swift could tell, with hurried words
Concomitant, that vied with them in speed ;
The beauteous fane, a pageantry sublime,
With gold refulgent where the coloured dyes
Of richest worth dazzled the gazing eye,
Silver bespangled silks, and chaplets fair,
An emblem of himself that faded soon,
Fine chiselled images, and busts
Of Christ embodied, carved with tortured Art ;
A gorgeous altar, and the censor swing
With incense burning, and that pleased his sense,—
Encausted tiles, and floors mosaic-wrought
With all the wealth of Coromandel's coasts,
Walls blackened with the breath of devotees,
And marble pavements worn by naked knees.
These formed his worship, but, what stranger seems,
To fellow-man he would, a sinful being

Worse than himself, his abject sins confess,
Forgetful One alone his soul could save !
System iniquitous, a Church abhorred,
With cruelty replete, that fiercely ruled
And drank the blood of martyrs, deeply drank,
And stained its foulsome hands with holy blood ;
Her priests are loathèd in the sight of God,
In human shape Hypocrisy ne'er sat
With bolder front ; his errand oft was false,
For disaffection he would bring, and worse,
Hatred and Malice in the fireside hearth,
Would place an icy barrier 'twixt those hearts
Once gladdened by the voice of love, would nerve
The mother's heart to bring her son to death.
Strict penances, tortures on his flesh,
The self infliction to absolve his sins,
Vigils austere, the shavèd head and cowl,
And paternosters countless as the sand :
He robbed the maiden of her virtue pure,
He made the infant orphanless, and snatched
The morsel from the widow's mouth and drove
Her destitute upon the weary world,
Whilst he enriched him with her hard-earned wealth,
Inhuman monster, greedy of rapine.

A Goddess too there was who reigned on earth,
To whom the kindred nations ever vic
In paying homage ; with a beauteous frame,

But when reflected in Truth's microscope
A hideous visage showed, corrupt, beseamed
With stinking wounds, born of her vicious sins,
Yet by her fascinating smiles she drew
A crowd of every class and rank 'mong men,
Alluring on their minds infatuate.
This form was Pleasure, but her name was Death,
A phantom false that held out hopes of Hell,
To all large promises she made, and showed
The glittering pomp of earth before their view.
The youth and sober man of thirty years,
The festal halls with garlands budding deck'd,
The pageant gorgeous, gold comparisoned,
The troops of dancers on its marble floors,
And all the gay appendages of life,
Beauty, and Youth, and every pleasing grace
The human form adorning, turned aside,
Entered that scene, and joined the busy throng
Of masqueraders, where dire passion stirred
Within the youthful mind unhallowed thoughts,
And with her barbèd menaces would snatch
The germ of Innocence once nestled there,
And strangely whispering in the ear would urge
An intercourse familiar with a heart
That owned not Virtue, nor her herald Truth.
And many a one who dived within those depths
Gleaned better thoughts picked on the field Remorse.
O festive scene, the harbinger of ills

As well as joys to mortals, thou dost blast
Full many a gentle flow'ret by thy breath,
A mount dost raise volcanic in the breast
Once pure and calm, and for an Eden fair
Dost place a Paradise, but lost ! a Hell
Incessant gorging where, the cank'ring worm
His heart Promethean gnaws away unseen.

This one temptation was, behold again !
A level spot where stunted herbage grew
And closely shorn by Nature, made thus smooth,
An' 'twere to form a veil 'neath which to screen
Her face from this world's vice, but ah, the tide
In reflux flowed upon her shrinking shores.
Of Vice insatiate that wide prevailed
Upon this earth, and that Creation rent
With frightful chasms, man yet tasked his brain
A scheme more vicious to devise, by which
He might abuse the talents lent by God,
Most wondrous loan ! and seeking thus to raise
His fame among his fellow men depraved,
And to this end the fairest spot he chose
Whereon to set his stamp, for sprung from thence
Vilest and most debased the Race-course stood.
For in the morn, when Earth was radiant still
With scented dewdrops glistening on the herbs,
Behold the countless myriads fiercely swarm
In cohorts gathering, as sweet Nature's gift

The grass, and God's, fair Virtue they do ruthless tread
In common fate as they approach the scene.—
For what? to see a cursèd pageant pass
In shorter time than words or pen could tell,
In swifter course than e'en the trickling sands
Could run in the' hour-glass of domestic use?
O strange Fanaticism, that dost bind mens' hearts
With cart-ropes stronger than Sin's iron bands,
How monstrous yet how cogent are thy laws!
Soon, as the eager moment draweth nigh,
Thou might'st perceive the passions, one by one,
In regular gradation fill the face
Of that vast host, now rife for villiany.
The swindler, swearer, and the debauchee,
The cheat, the liar, drunkard, and the thief,
The harlot with her damnèd witchery,
And shame-faced impudence in the open day,
And all the basest minions that a Hell,
To execute her wills on earth, could send,
Were there, and by their presence Nature cursed.
Watch now that son of Judas as he glides
With footstep noiseless through that motley crowd,
With eager, bloodshot eyes that forth protrude,
And visage wine-stained, with a blotted book
Crammed with the offspring of his moneyed thoughts,
In which he strove to add fresh name on name
As victims to propitiate his god;—
He wagered on his gold a living soul!

Hark ! to the shouts of fiendish yells that rush,
Vibrating in a diapason hoarse,
In ceaseless swell like billows ripe to break,
As foot to foot and step to step they fight
For every inch of ground, a nearer view
To gain, and hold their noisome breath to catch
The sound of coursers' footsteps as they cleave
The yielding turf, and as the goal is won
On this side ring the clam'rous tones of joy
With smiles concomitant, on that the noise
Of swearing and blaspheming heavenward rise.
Good, holy men retained themselves aloof,
And shuddered at such scenes of infamy,
And angels, as they struck their chords divine,
Turned pale and trembled as they ceased their songs,
Hearing the clamor knocking at Heaven's gates
That well nigh shook e'en Zion from her base.

The Theatre was thought by some to prove
A blessing, not a bane ; but sad Excess
Virtue forbade to walk with snow-white train,
Soiled from the mire upon it flung by Vice.
A stage there was, to mimic that of life,
And actors vain, pedantic, would essay
Their powers to picture men, not what he is,
But what they made him, fashioned to their taste,
Murder and Death were immaterial ;
And I have seen the paltry act where one

Was slain not once, nor twice, but oftentimes
With heedless *nonchalance* ; or they would stain
With language coarse and rude their hearts and tongues,
And utter low-born jests full ill to solve,
But satisfied their foul, degraded minds.
Within the filthy, wine-besmeared walls,
From which the stench of putrifying herbs
And heat, and oaths tumultuous nightly rose,
The Gamester sat beside his stool, and drank
The burning liquid to assuage his thirst
Still, still unslaked, and raised with palsied hand
The dice-box, from whose hollow cavities
The trembling inmates tolled his funeral dirge ;
And as the squares upon the deal he cast
Their upturned faces showed six points—towards Hell !
Perdition and his soul he staked on gold,
And swept the hoarded gains of patrimony ;
And robbed and cheated, still unsatisfied.
Such were, and many more the tempting baits
That Pleasure flung on this world's muddy stream
In cruel wantonness, and souls were hooked
That heeded not Futurity, forgot
Life was but Death, that Hinnom's valley yawns
E'en 'neath the battlements of Zion fair !

Another Goddess led a headlong chase,
And this was Fame, with spoils and trophies decked ;
A laurel crown in her left palm she held,

And wavèd in her right a blood-red sword :
She walked abroad, and sat in peace at home.
The warrior, dazzled by the dress of War,
His glittering accoutrements when young,
When older by the glory he unfolds,
In scenes of blood strives to obtain renown,
Where War's auxiliaries and minions paid
For paltry stipend slay their brother man ;
But years roll on, and, like the ploughboy, who
To snatch the rainbow from its arch essayed,
Gains fruitless labour, stern Remorse and Death.

The Artist seeks to win her smiles at home,
And night and day before his restless toil
He sat, and probed his thoughts that swiftly fled
His fancied vision, grasped each fugitive
And vivid ray that flashed athwart his brain,
That showed, when snatched, nought but a mirage dull.
His sunken, fiery eye, unquenchable,
His sallow cheek and drooping coffin hair,
The feverish blood that ran within his veins
And spectre-look betokened broken rest.
He fared no better than the martial slave,
And others are there whom I might narrate :
The sculptor, poet, sage, of every class,
Who reaped the bitterest fruits of labour lost,—
But Time his finger lays upon my lips.

Three sisters drove one chariot on earth :
These were Pride, Vanity, and Self-Conceit,
In feathers gorgeous decked, of pleasing hues.
The chariot was the heart, the coursers were
The mental powers, obedient to their bit.
Pride foremost held the whip, the primal sin
That hurlèd Adam from his high estate,
And plunged his race in depths of endless woe.
A fascinating charm she had on man :
He greeted her, her welcomed to his home,
To hold sweet converse there ; then Vanity
Ill-pleasèd, to her sister jerked the reins,
Hastening to add her voice, while Self-Conceit
Within the car alone triumphant rode.

The coxcomb was a painted fool, who robed
In fine apparel, strutted thro' the world,
And thought himself admired, loved by all.
Poor fool ! none loved him better than himself ;
He worshipped Egotism as his heartless god ;
His words were meaningless, tho' uttered fine ;
There dwelt no soundness in his mind or brain.
The high flown dignity he assumed was false,
And showed his littleness of character :
By many a self-thought clever art he strove
To ape the sage,—in aping he was fooled :
He Mammon served in Satan's stolen guise.

Akin to him, the maiden too was shunned,
A vicious sorceress, who used the words
And wizard incantations born of Hell ;
Who sought by fiendish arts mankind to taint,
And to this end plied every charm her tongue,
Or countenance possessed, to slander youth,
Whom she corrupted by her treacherous wiles,
With careless boldness, not astricted, free ;
A serpent clothèd in a woman's form :
The efforts of her tongue were ceaseless, till
The heart once trapped and schoolèd to her whims
Blighted she left and seared, distrusting all.
Were harboured in her breast no virgin thoughts,
She trifled, dallied, sported still with Truth,
Yet laboured ever to support her name.

There was more Truth in Poverty than Wealth ;
The poor man branded by his richer foe,
Contemnèd by a cruel, heartless world,
Stalked thro' its lanes and alleys in those rags
That graced him better than the purple robe,
Than all the' insignia of a monarch's thrall.
Yet was there a dependence in that man,
And he could see the lie, whene'er the rich
The trifling alms refused he craved of them,
Denying that the means were in their reach ;
Or gave it with an air of dignity
That showed the petty meanness of the gift.

O Poverty ! thou art a despot harsh,
Distress and misery circle thee, and death ;
Yet ofttimes crammed with all iniquity,
Darkening the sun of holy Christian love.

A court of parasites the rich man held,
In which he pleased as his sole delight,
Who fawned upon him for a time, then stripped
Him of his wealth, ill-used, misspent, accursed.
Oft has the beggared orphan laid his head
Upon the threshold of the wealthy dome,
And wept from very hunger and the cold
That chilled his form, and froze the hearts of men,
Passing, repassing by his prostrate form.
And I have seen the swarthy mendicant,
The man of thirty years, bowed down with grief,
Groaning in spirit as the rude blast swept,
Opening the rents that showed his nakedness
In fury fierce, chafing his numbèd limbs,
And gazing wistful on the brightened pane
Thro' which the stream of liquid light poured forth.
Then as he saw the fitful forms glance swift,
The happy forms that played in childish glee,
And heard their merry notes ring silvery tunes
In Christmas harmony, would clasp his brow
That throbbed with fever, and with shivering groan,
Upon the stones would lay him down to die.
O hateful Egotism ! that bind'st the heart

With chains of iron, from the fettered child
E'en to the agèd form that creeps along
When aided by the staff, cursed is thy power,
Worthy the arch-fiend who bestowed its birth !

Such are the sins that still this earth befoul,
And all antipodes to Truth ; it seems
As though the morals of this favoured land,
According as it civilized grew, and nursed,
And fostered by Jehovah, slowly waned.

There is but one empyrean to Truth
And every Virtue, undivided, whole.
Fashioned by God, partaking of His mind.
The human Virtues are most precious gems,
The wild flowers are they that spring up on earth,
Uncultured, unadorned, save by the hand
Of the Creator, unpruned, left to grow
In all their native loveliness and grace,
Pure, undefiled by mortal touch, so pure,
That Nature's brightest offsprings shrink to vie
With them, and weep to see them ravished, slain.
Give me the wild flower to the pampered plant
The offshoot of an hour, a worthless bud
That forced by artificial agencies
In growth, skulks shamed to face the open day,
And screens its bashful face behind its leaves.

Who can compare the spotless Purity
Of that which claims the grove for natal spot,
And cringes not to own its priceless name,
To that for which the wealthy gain is paid
To traverse scenes, where Guilt holds court supreme ?

But we have overleapt our theme, retrace
Thy wandering chords, mine harp, and briefly tell
Truth's final conquest o'er the world, when Earth
Shall shake the Devil's thralldom from her neck,
And hail the blessed millennium realized.
Spirit divine ! I feel thy softening breeze
My hot cheeks fan, and murmur thro' mine hair,
While wrapt in meditation sweet, how grand,
How fearful grand shall rise the sun that day,
The last time shed its beams upon the world !
Methinks I view thee on that hallowed morn,
Enthroned in glory on a seat of gold,
Engirt with flames that waver round its base
In sinuous course, and on thine head a crown,
A halo glorious circling thee ; in hand
The Word of God upholding, and aloft
Wielding the sceptre white of Innocence.
Redeemed around thee all the Virtues pure
With those who honoured them, the holy, stand ;
Sweet angels poised on golden pinions hover,
Soft whispers breathing in thine hallowed ear,

As nations pass, repass, before thy throne,
And men to be adjudged of all their deeds.
Blessed morn, when high the sun of Righteousness
Shall shine, and God, in glory manifest,
These earthly tabernacles shall fill with light ;
When all the Passions, Vices, that e'er stained
With baneful influence mankind, shall crouch
Beneath his wrathful sword, the Holy Ghost.
Oh ! what a wondrous change shall be, when Sin
And Satan, their dominion joint resolved,
Earth shall hold Jubilee a thousand years !
The old man Guile, who on his staff of lies
Reclinèd erst shall lean on Candour's arm,
And looking in his open face shall lose
The cunning glance and smile he wore before.
Prevarication and Deceit shall bow
To pure Integrity, and lift her train :
The tongue of Scandal shall speak gentle words,
And imitate the tones of Kindness heard,
Slander her too attentive ear shall lend.
Words spoken mean as they were first pronounced,
And promises be made to be performed,
Friends shall be what they seemed to be, and shake
Each other kindly with an honest hand.
Enchained shall Love drag Insincerity ;
Whilst "*all Iniquity shall stop her mouth :*"
Hypocrisy shall lay aside for aye

His cloak of ample folds, and kneel to Truth.
While Falsehood following in his wake shall peal
The clarion notes of Truth, as herald her's.
Discord, Confusion shall their banners furl,
And flock in serried ranks to Order's host.
Stern, dusty War shall wash his bloody hands,
And lave his gashed brow in the lymph of Peace.
Revenge shall wipe his reeking blade, and sheath
It, as he touches Mercy's argent bow.
The villain Treachery shall his oaths foreswear,
And, quitting first his mining underground,
Hold friendly converse with reclaimed Faith.
Lust shall pull down his ill-designed dome,
And kiss the spotless robe of Innocence,
And, with her wedded, lead a chastened life.
Justice shall crush out with an armed heel
The poison from the heart of Perfidy,
A Hale shall trample on a Jeffries' throat ;
While Perjury, a felon now no more,
Forgiveness crave of her he wronged on earth ;
Or guilt relinquished sit an honoured clerk
Within the banking house of Honesty.
Philosophy shall callous grow, and learn
Perfection true, when she shall see her face ;
E'en Wisdom shall learn sanctity, and more,
Become a recluse in a convent harsh.
His grasping hands shall Avarice withdraw,

Or, Charity ordaining, place his gold
Within the offered plate of Poverty.
Anger shall smooth her bronzed brow, and bid
The wrinkled frowns dissolve to Gentleness.
The Atheist and Deist shall redeemèd live,
And ope their door full twice or thrice the day
To welcome Piety within their walls.
Creation, now no more by Evil rent,
With Nature as her consort shall sweep on
To hear the judgment on this world pronounced.
From North to South, and East to West, the tribes
Of every race, and stamp, and class, and age,
That people this great globe; the savage hosts,
For bloodshed rife, who track each other down
To plant the dagger in their fellows' breasts;
The fur-clad tribes who watch the Polar Bear
Circling the hyperborean ice and waves;
The gentler hosts skilled in sweet Culture's arts,
Who own a Bible and a God as theirs,
And yet rejected this their wondrous gift;
All, all shall flock and come, for ever blessed:
And every man who pleads before her throne
Shall be redeemed, and wear a lily wreath
Upon his brow, the badge of Purity.
Then echoing thro' the Universe shall ring
The silvery voice of Truth, and Earth shall hear,
And welcome first the sound that through the realms

Of space reverberating loud, deep down
To depths unfathomed of Eternity,
Whose breast expansive shall receive the cry
In resonation bass ; mankind shall send
So strong a cry of gratitude, that Hell
Shall be appalled, and by one spirit stirred,
Gladly shall step the nations all, and, saved,
Shall bear upon their fronts the seal of "TRUTH!"

J. H. H.

ON A DAISY.



A little flower with disc of gold,
And silvery rays I sing,
The last in Autumn to depart,
The first to bloom in Spring.

Patient of Winter's bitter cold,
It's glittering stars are seen
To sparkle on the sunny bank,
And over the meadows green.

Not scented like the violet,
Not clothed with brilliant hue,
As the wild briar in the leafy hedge,
Or as the hyacinth blue.

Not as the fox-glove in the wood
Rearing it's purple bell,
Not noticed for it's yellow cup,
As the primrose in the dell.

Yet are there wonders in this flower,
Which excel the skill of man,
Worthy His hand who measures out
The ocean with a span ;

Who made the massive orbs that shine
So brightly in the sky ;
Who spake—the sun, the moon appeared,
The mountains rose on high.

Who made the lofty palm, the oak,
And each wide spreading tree,
Who also made each little plant,
And each green leaf we see.

Oh ! trample it not beneath thy foot,
But the lowly daisy spare,
For thy boasted wisdom were impotent
To construct a work so fair !

L. F.

ON THE 31st OF MAY, 1855.

Benumbed with cold and ghastly pale,
Her long hair floating in the gale,
 And dim her laughing eye,
Summer is sitting on her throne,
Whilst the chill North wind with many a moan
 Comes howling by.

Appall'd her nymphs have fled away,
No more in gentle breezes play
 The Zephyrs on her cheek,
But cowering to the storm she bends,
As in pattering drops the rain descends,
 And all is drear and bleak.

See ! how the rough blasts rudely beat,
Threatening to tear her from her seat ;
 See ! how the blossoms fly,
Which once in beauteous wreaths were 'twined,
Now blown before the piercing wind,
 And scatter'd through the sky.

Hark ! does not that troubled sighing,
And that wan cheek proclaim her dying ;
Surely she cannot live.
Ye winds, have pity on her fate,
Now, now, your cruel rage abate,
A little respite give.

Back to your gloomy caverns haste,
And thence when summer's day is past,
Come forth again :
But now her beauty cries—" Relent,
" Has not your strength enough been spent
In Winter's reign ?"

L. F.

SEASIDE VOICES.



When the shades of twilight falling
Wrap the earth in quiet round,
Softly to each other calling
Voices from the ocean sound,

As their varied, unknown dirges
In a low melodious roar,
Sing the breezes to the surges,
Sing the surges to the shore.

Tidings from far climes revealing,
Till from out the rocks and caves,
And along the shore came stealing,
Whisper'd answers to the waves ;

Tidings from the bones that slumber
In the bosom of the deep,
Where 'mongst wrecks and gems past number,
Strange and slimy monsters creep.

Tidings from the surf that flashes
On the sunny coast of Spain ;
Tidings from the blast that dashes
Wildly o'er th' Atlantic main ;

From the distant field of glory,
From the rivers pouring red,
Many a sad and mournful story
Of the dying and the dead.

Oft have I with vain endeavour
Bent to catch the words they spoke,
As in long succession ever
Wave on wave drew near and broke.

And methought at times they mutter'd
Shrieks of dark, despairing grief,
Cries by shipwrecked sailors utter'd
Round some distant coral reef.

Still with all was soothing blended ;
Solemn comfort ev'ry where ;
Comfort from the heavens descended,
Flow'd in each light breath of air.

Comfort in the mighty ocean,
Which, unwearied night or day,
Quivering with a ceaseless motion,
Like a fetter'd giant lay ;

Like a captive lion shaking,
Even in his sleep with wrath,
Scarcely smother'd, 'till on waking
Bursts his savage fury forth ;

In the rocks with seaweed vested,
Clustering round their mother earth,
Lest the billows proudly crested,
Harm her in their sportive mirth.

For I thought there is a Master
Who controls their stormiest mood,
When still faster yet, and faster
Sweeps the wintery tempest rude.

Who controls them too, when lying,
Calm in Summer's silvery night,
Whilst, with accents gently dying,
Curl the ripples in the light.

L. F.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE READER.

Furl aloft the flutt'ring banner,
 Rightly fan her,
 As the ship glides in the port,
 Naxian breezes with your favour;—
 Calm thy troubled waves and save her.
 Isle of Thought!
 Steering home with cargo fraught.

Half veil'd by fears a Spirit came,
 Unknown to men, but urged by Fame,
 Grasping a letter'd store;
 He scatter'd it around his path;
 Engraved they read by the fireside hearth,—
 “Sed parce mihi, precor.”

Hark! the New-Year's bells are chiming,
 As we cease our careless rhyming;—
 “Lend us your ears,” kind reader to the last;
 Leave us not helpless in your eager haste;
 Enter behind the scenes, since Pleasure past,
 The two lessees retire,—the curtains close;—
 The scenes are left for others to transpose!
 Farewell!



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